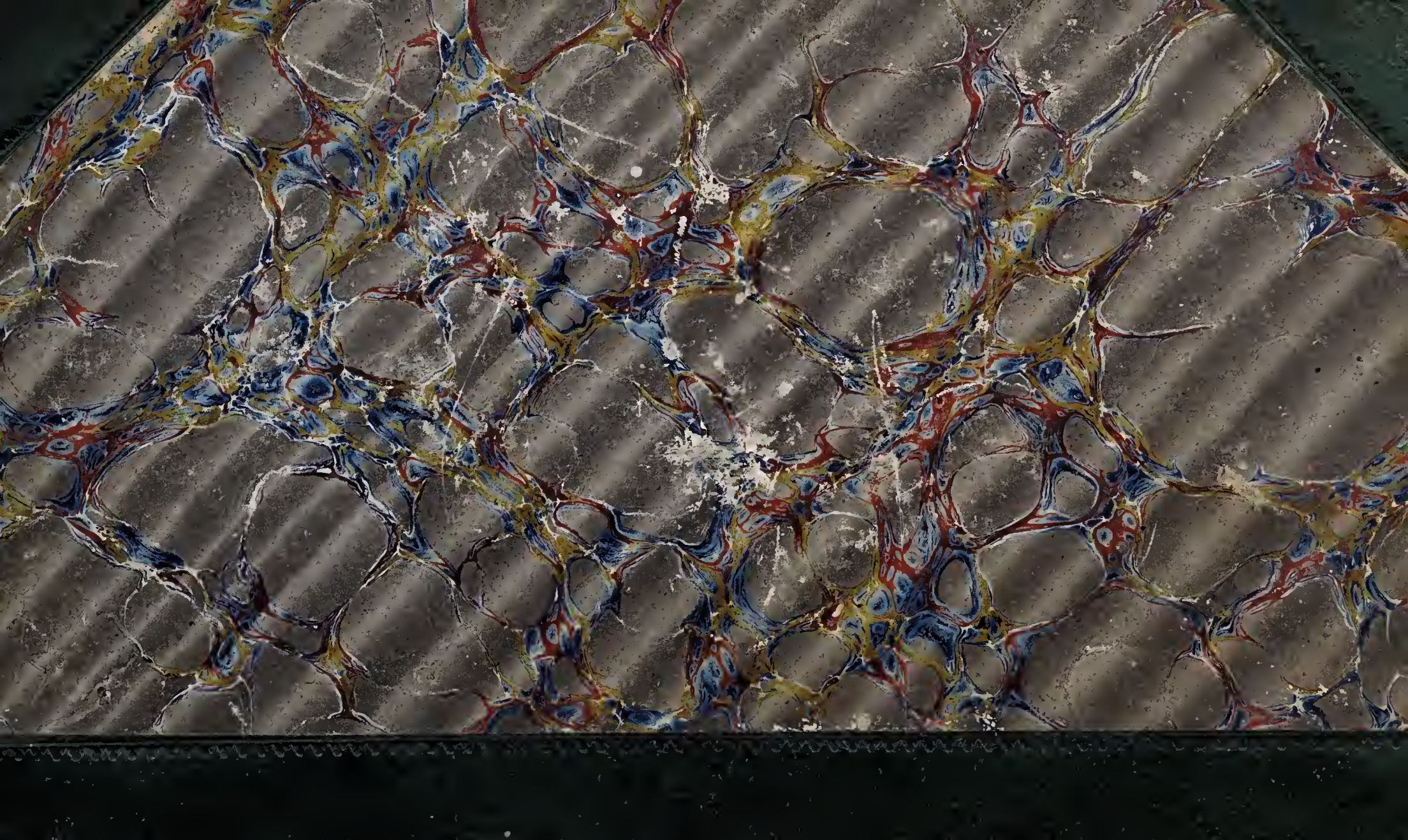

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NAPOLEON;

OR, THE

MYSTERIES OF THE HUNDRED DAYS.

AN HISTORICAL NOVEL,

BY MRS. PECK,

AUTHOR OF THE "BARD OF THE WEST."

VOL. II.

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ERRATA.

VOL. II. Page 17, line 16,———For deg reat, read *de great.*
Page 27, line 10,———For ha d, read *had.*
Page 47, line 18,———Place the reference to the word "*bonnet,*" in place of "*a la monde,*" where it now is.

ADDENDA.—Page 220, line, 13,—For Mareschal, read *Maréchal*

CHAPTER I.

He like a rock, which o'er the ocean wide
Hangs prominent, expos'd to winds and waves
And all the rage of sea and sky endures:
Stands fixt, unmov'd..... Id. Æn. 10.

See Beauties of Shakspear. Vol. II. p. 63.

As we advance to the close of our labours, every step increases in interest! This second and last Volume, brings us to the *grand crisis*; and winds up the action of the "HUNDRED DAYS." It shews us, *mighty Napoleon*, on his last arena, displaying prodigies of talent, activity, and heroic prowess; where he closed his

career, of conquest, and of glory; received the final, and fatal blow; and bid farewell for ever to conquest, to empire, and all his former greatness!!

We see, the *Herculean* fortitude of his resignation: the generous, and chivalrous, confidence, with which he voluntarily surrendered himself, to the mercy, and magnanimity, of the British nation: and committed himself to the protection, and fire-side, "of the most powerful, the most constant, and (said *Napoleon*, the *most generous* of my enemies." His appeal, on this occasion, (See Addenda) will go down, on the tide of time, to the latest posterity, as a model of confidence and generosity; of truly touching pathos, eloquence, and beauty; beyond any thing of the kind, that ever appeared from the pen, or heart of man! in the highest degree, complimentary to England! And would, that, for the honour of humanity, and the glory of the British name, she had duly appreciated, the distinction! A preference by *Napoleon*, should not be rejected; had England received it, it would shed addi-

tional lustre, on her glory !—add to her laurel, its greenest bough! and to her diadem, its brightest jewel! But no, she spurned his confidence, and the rights of hospitality; she libelled herself with present, and future times; in thus admitting before the world, that she was afraid of *one man!* And that the arms, and resources of the British Empire, were not adequate to the safe-keeping of him, on English ground; where his brother had already enjoyed a long, and safe asylum. Napoleon in *voluntary custody*, in England, would be an eternal monument of her glory, power, and heroic generosity; make her indeed, the envy of surrounding nations, and the admiration of the world! and universally prove, that to her peculiary belongs, not only, "*debellare superbus*," but what is still more noble, and sublime, "*parcere subjectis* !" and that Napoleon did not mistake, in so thinking. It would be also, a direct refutation of the heavy charge made on the Euglish, by a celebrated poet, of the Augustan age; who called them, "*Britannos hospitibus feros !*" *(Hor. Odes.)*

However, we see hospitality violated; the noble appeal of the *mighty suppliant* spurned; the rights of humanity invaded; the national pride and honour compromised! and Napoleon, "*at one fell swoop*," deprived of *liberty, property, friends, relatives, wife, and only son!!* and banished out of Europe! *Stripped, alone,* forlorn! to pine, and die, in a loathsome, and inhuman exile; subject to the most gross, and wanton mortifications, and insults! which did not spare even the few ladies of his household! but most brutally trampled, and violated all decency; and the sacred respect for female delicacy, and sensibility. *Certain statements,* have been before the public, on this subject!!

* * * * * * * * * * * *

O shame! where was thy blush! O gallantry, chivalry, Manhood, *common decency,* and humanity! What did become of you, while captivity, delicacy, and WOMAN, were thus outraged! O cruel, and unmanly act! black and lasting stain! at which savages would shudder. Posterity will remember, and reprobate it! To be so humbled! O, what a sad

reverse, what a fall! What a warning!—What a terrific example, of the vicissitudes of human affairs! How can it be contemplated with indifference?

In the preceding chapter, the reader has seen Napoleon, in full splendor, presiding at the august assemblage of the "*Champ de Mai:*"—ratifying constitutions, distributing eagles, the symbols of his imperial authority; and receiving assurances of fidelity, and loyalty, from the Parisians, of whom he soon had so much reason to complain. After this, we see him, all vigor, energy, and caution! Organizing, and marshalling his armies; and inspiring them with his example, and the magic eloquence so peculiar to him: raising fortresses, and strong-holds; and displaying that consummation of skill, talent, and manly might; which had ever distinguished the *great Napoleon* preparatory to the awful conflict, now fast approaching. But, with all his powers, he could not see far into futurity: he counted only on probabilities: he did not foresee the dreadful

catastrophe, long breeding in the womb of time; and now ready to burst, in full and fatal maturity, on his head. Though well aware of the formidable coalition of his avowed enemies; he could not imagine the possibility of treachery, and treason, in his cabinet! What man could do, *Napoleon did:* but the impious combination of foreign hostility, and domestic treason, subdued him!!

CHAPTER II.

——————————Look on beauty,
And you shall see, 'tis purchas'd by the weight,
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest, that wear most of it.
So are those crispsed, snaky, golden locks,
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind
Upon supposed fairness, often known
To be the dowry of a second head,
The skull, that bred them, in the sepulchre.
Thus ornament is but the guiled shore
To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
T' entrap the wisest.——————

Shakspear.

We shall now leave Napoleon, to form his plans, and conduct his operations: and see what is become of the *Count*, the Page, and *Signora Clementini di Milan.* The reader will

be glad to hear, that those *Personages*, are quite safe, and beyond the range of peril ; and, that on the evening of the " *Champ de Mai*," the *Signora*, entertained a select party of *fashionables ;* of whom *Madame la Baronne de* ————, who flourished so *conspicuously* at the *Salons*, was one of the most distinguished. She brought with her, the Honorable Mr. C————, a dashing, young Englishman, of large fortune : who had just arrived in Paris ; and presenting him to the *Signora*, as her *particular friend ;*—the *fair Italian*, paid him every polite attention.

The company, sat round a table, in the middle of the room, playing the favourite French game, called, *Rouge et noir ;* but the *Signora*, wishing to engage this *young Englishman*, herself ; after some conversation with him ; challenged him to a *Poole* at *Piquet*, and he bowing his assent, they took their seats..... They played high, and *Madame la Baronne*, was to take up the conqueror.

The *Signora*, lost the first game ; and Mr. C———, who piqued himself, on his spirit in

this way; said, that "he would have no objection to double the bets."..... The ladies, acquiesced; and another *fair elégante*, hitherto, looking on, at the round-table; now coming forward, sat down beside the *Englishman*.—The Baroness, was to deal, and Mr. C———, cut the cards.—At that moment, the *Signora*, let fall her *reticule*:—the *young Englishman*, stooped down to take it up..... "*Monsieur*! *Excusé*," softly lisped the *Italian lady*, bowing graciously, and sweetly smiling her thanks. Something like *sleight-of-hand*, passed very quick....." *Fait attention, Monsieur!*" cried *Madame la Baronne*.—Mr. C———, was then speaking with the *Signora*:—he turned his head round, and looking at his cards, his countenance fell:—he had no *point*, and was *re-piqued*. The *Signora*, again *set-too*: she was *younger hand*: "*Mon dieu!*" said she, putting up her under lip poutingly. She *hem'd* emphatically, at intervals; and complaining of a cold, *coughed* several times; till at length, her opponent after the second deal, calling over the game in her hand; they laid down their

cards. Another *poole*, was played, and won, *as before*, by *Madame la Baronne;* who affecting to be extremely concerned, at the *ill-luck of her friend*, Mr. C———, advised him to try his fortune, at *Rouge et noir;* and taking his arm, they joined the round-table.

The Page, all this time, pausing on what he saw—sat rather apart, in deep thought. His *pencil*, and *tablet*, were in his hand; and he wrote down something, at intervals.....It was now, about eleven o'clock:—a loud knock at the hall-door, announced a visitor; and the *Count de Mauvaise*, entered the room. Casting his eyes round, he made his bow to the *Signora;* and apologizing for coming so late, said, that "he had been *more than usually engaged*, all that day." She asked, "if he had been at the *Champ de Mai?*"—and "if it was true, that a man in *black*, uttering some strange augury—had addressed the Emperor, in similar words, to those of the *evil genius*, in days of yore, to Brutus?"

"Yes," replied the *Count*, emphatically; "and I promise you, that he will keep his ap-

pointment, *on the plains of* WATERLOO!..... He looked steadily at her, and the *Signora*, now regarding him earnestly, her features gradually assumed a very serious expression. A suspicious meaning, was painted in her looks; and visibly agitated, she said, in a low tone,

" Mysterious man! in the name of wonder, *who*, and *what* are you *?*"

He smiled sarcastically, and seeming to enjoy her embarrassment; deliberately answered in *Italian*,

" You shall know next month, *when we meet at*.....

The *Signora*, appeared electrified by this reply; which sufficiently intimated to *her*, that this *extraordinary person*, was in full possession of the *new scheme*, of the Emperor, alluded to, in the preceding chapter; and which was now, just ripe for execution.—In fine, she saw clearly, that the *Count*, knew all the secret *manœuvreing* of Napoleon, and his ministers; and pondering on the matter, was quite at a loss to know how he obtained his information. In order to arrange her ideas, she left the room.

The Page, now taking his opportunity, drew his master aside; and slipping his *tablet*, into his hand ; directed his attention to what he had been *writing ;* and among other remarks of his, upon the company assembled—the *Count* read, that, " the *English stranger*, Mr. C———,was a near relation of *Lady Charlotte Beaufort :*" " that he was rather *inexperienced* in the ways of the world"—and " was a *novice at gambling.*"

A hint was enough for the *Count :*—he perceived what was going forward, and seated himself on a sofa, near Mr. C———, where he continued in pensive silence, with his eyes fixed on the party, at the round-table.

CHAPTER III.

Disguise, I see thou art a wickedness,
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.

Shakspear.

The *young Englishman*, by this time, had lost all the money he had about him; and impatient to retrieve his losses, began playing on *honor*, what might be called a desperate game. He was sitting between *Madame la Baronne*, and a beautiful French girl, her daughter; who was the *fair elégante*, noticed before as a

looker-on at Piquet.—She had just made her *début*, and *well-trained* by her *mamma*, every instant, asked Mr. C———, in very bad, *broken English*, some frivolous question, quite irrelevant to the passing scene; and he, at length, completely bewildered, by her *nonsensical*, and almost unintelligible jargon; impatiently called for a glass of wine and water, which he drank off.

The beautiful French girl, still on the alert; now redoubling her assiduity, began another specimen of her *manœuvring;* and speaking with a great deal of action, said to Mr. C———, smiling, and shewing her transparently white teeth,

" *Vel* done *sere! dat ish de* very *goot* cure for *de* bad spirit, and bad luck:—I *do* hear say, *dat* my *grande fader*, who *vas Générale* of great high rank..... .. ...and great player of *de cart!* He *vas* very clever:—he *vould alvays* take five, six *bottle de* very best *vine*, *ven* he *vould be* to make a big *manœuvre*, *eider vid de* sword, or *vid de cart!*—He *vas alvays* very lucky, and *vas Hinglishman* too."

Here *Madame*, interrupted her daughter, by saying, " Oh ! no, no ; he *vas* no *Hinglishman* :—he *vas* only born *dere* ! !

Mr. C———, could no longer restrain himself : he gave way to an immoderate fit of laughter; upon which, a French Colonel, who was sitting near, and had over-heard the conversation ; being a *bon amie* of *Madame*, and not wishing to see her laughed at,—turning towards the *Englishman*, in a very grave tone, said, in French,

" Excuse, *Madame*, Sir ; and consider, that she addresses you in a foreign language."

" Yes, yes," ! replied the French girl, reddening indignantly ; " *de Hinglish alvays* laugh, laugh, and make *deg* reat show, *ven ve* make *de* blunder to *spake de Hinglish* ; but *de* French ! *de vould* not laugh :—*de be* too polite, too kind, too civil, *ven de Hinglish* make *de* great big *mishtake* : *de do* tell *dem vat* be right, as *de* very *vel* know how—and not to laugh ! ! no, no, *do Got* knows, *de* might often laugh at *de Hinglishman*, and *voman* too."

" Never mind, *ma chère*" ! said, *Madame la Baronne*, speaking to her daughter ; " you know *vel. vat* a noble *edication* you got ; and *spake de Hinglish* just as *vel* as any *oder ting ;* but you *be* so very young, and *tenter, dat* you *dont* know *de Hinglish* manner yet ; *ven*, you meet more of *dem*, you *vil* not vex ; or *vret, ven de* laugh ; for *dat ish* almost all *de* can do, except to eat *de* roast beef, and drink till *de* go sleep."

Mr. C———, now perceiving that *Madame* was piqued, and wishing to make his peace with her ; after framing some flimsy excuse for himself ; endeavoured to *salve* the matter over, by professing the greatest possible *respect*, for both her, and her daughter.

The Baroness, all *surface* herself, smiled ironically ; and bowing her head with much expression, answered,

" *Vel, vel, Sere ! tish* all very *goot*—do not make *yoursel* uneasy—*ve* be people, *dat* can soon forget a *ting :*—but, just *ve be* a little hot—proud you see—and *vould* not like to be made a laugh *at ;* and assure you, *Sere* ! *ve* feel, just *de* same *respec* for you, *dat* you *do* feel for us."

At the conclusion of this speech, Mr. C———, a little disconcerted, hung down his head. However, if he had laughed at the expence of his *friends;* they seemed determined, that he should *pay dearly*, for his evening's amusement. ....To be plain, this thoughtless young man, entirely thrown off his guard, by a course of *trifling*, perhaps, the most ingenious ;—almost before he was aware of it, had lost very considerably ; and now awaking, as from a dream, he started !.. .....In short, he perceived, that it was high time, for him to give up; and rising hastily, spoke in a hurried manner, of passing his note of hand.

" Stop !" cried the *Count*, interrupting the *young Englishman*. He darted forward, and addressing the Baroness,

" *Permitté moi, Madame !*" said he..... The lady, knew well, what he suspected ; and colouring crimson deep, in her confusion, let fall a heap of *red and black* cards, of a *certain description;* which had been concealed in her lap.——

The *Count*, who had watched the *manœuvreing*, that went on ; and saw the *set*, which was made against Mr. C———, after keeping his eye fixed for about a minute, on *Madame la Baronne de*————, very deliberately took up the *cards*, and laying them down upon the table —spread them out before the company. As he did this, he looked more, than he ventured to express in language ; and the French Colonel, —*Madame's bon amie*, instantly taking fire, fiercely demanded, " what the *Count* meant to *insinuate* ?"

Our hero, was not to be intimidated ; and with the utmost coolness, answered,

" Colonel ! I am a man of few words, and a *soldier* too !.....Mr. C———, is a *stranger in this society ;* and for a *particular* reason, which cannot now be explained—I take an interest in his welfare :—he is young, and inexperienced ; and after what I have *just witnessed* here,—with all due deference to the present company—I must beg leave, *bonâ fide*, to enter my *protest* against the passing of any

security, at present; for what may be termed, Mr. C——'s *debt of honor!*".....The *Count*, then going nearer to the Colonel; in a low voice, added,

"Now, Sir, do you understand me; and are you satisfied?—If not, I am ready to give you a *private explanation*, when, and where, you please."

This was conclusive.—The Colonel, started on his feet. His French blood was up, and boiling with rage;—he drew his sword, and making a sudden push at our hero, who was unarmed; would instantly have sacrificed him to his resentment; but the Page, ever keeping an anxious eye upon his master; now perceiving his danger, threw himself between him, and his assailant; and grasping the latter, by the sword-arm, turned the point of the weapon towards his own breast.

This was all the action of a moment.—The noble intrepidity, and fidelity of the youth, brought the French Colonel, a little to his recollection; and somewhat ashamed of himself,

putting up his sword, he retired quickly; muttering as he passed out, that "the *Count*, should hear from him in the morning."

CHAPTER IV.

O, life deceitful, ever in disguise,
With a fair face thou hid'st a wicked heart.
Seneca,.... Tragedy of Hippolitus.

The noise had reached the *Signora,* in her Cabinet, where she was writing a few lines to *Monsieur* S———, but impatient to know what was the matter, she hurried into the saloon, and entered just in time to witness the retreat of her friend, the Colonel. She was then informed of his *rencounter* with the *Count* !

The *Signora*, indignant at such an outrage having been committed in her house ; was now standing very stately, at the upper end of the room. The *Count*, was speaking apart, with Mr. C———; and the Page, with solicitude, in his countenance, still hovering about his master, seemed to watch over him, like a *guardian angel.*

The remainder of the company, began now to collect their scattered thoughts : they approached the *Signora*, and perceiving her visibly chagrined, the French ladies at once, taking the *tone* from her ; agreed, *nem con* ; (*Madame la Baronne*, and her daughter excepted,) " that the Colonel, had been *rash* "! But, the men shrugging their shoulders, and making wry faces —unanimously decided among themselves, that " the Colonel, as a *military man*, was borne out in acting as he did, *even in the presence of females* ! for, " (expressed in their strong manner, and well-accented language,) " *touch his honour, touch his life* !"

The *Signora*, did not utter a syllable ; she maintained a haughty and sullen silence ; but

Madame la Baronne, and her daughter, who were talking in the ring:—the latter now glancing scornfully at the *Count*, and affecting to laugh; said, "it was *too ridiculous*, to see people looking so grave, and so stately; on account of a person, *whom nobody knew*."

The *Signora* was by no means dull of apprehension: her colour rose with resentment; and she haughtily replied, "that, the *Count* was *her* acquaintance! but not to say any more—that, *she* conceived he was entitled to respect." As she said this, she addressed the *Chevaliers*; and they deeming their *politeness* called upon! one and all promptly answered, "*certainement, Madame! certainement.*"—They bowed respectfully; but *Madame la Baronne*, arresting attention, soon produced a new sensation. She was a very voluble Frenchwoman, and said, that "she would be sorry to trespass *unnecessarily;* but really felt it her duty, to offer a few words, in *defence of the absent*"!—That "certain *court favourites*, might give themselves *airs*, if they pleased; but for her part, she never presumed to pass judgment

upon any one, without first hearing *both sides* of the question"!.....That "her friend, the Colonel! perhaps, had been a little hasty—but, she could take upon her to say, that he had been grossly affronted; and *all* about the trifling matter of a few *cards*, which *happened to fall* upon the ground"!.....She waited for her thoughts! and after a moment, added, that "the *Count*, certainly had been so obliging, as to take up the cards: which was only *common politeness*! however, *that* was no reason for him to behave unhandsomely; and to *insinuate*, that the *Signora Clementini di Milan*! a lady of rank, and celebrity, was no better, than the head of a *fashionable bandit*!!"

The *Signora*, looked petrified! she sunk down upon a seat.

The *Count*, meanwhile, who had withdrawn with Mr. C———, to the further end of the saloon; was now telling that gentleman, some *particulars*, for his future guidance. They were both too much occupied by the subject, which engaged them, to attend to the conversation of others; and the *Count*, who was giving

a very spirited detail ; which at intervals, drew from the *young Englishman*, several exclamations of wonder! in a half whisper, continued,

"Such are the mysteries of "*life in Paris*!" People meet here as utter *strangers*, who are the *nearest*, and *dearest* to each other! For instance, would you not suppose from the conduct, just now observed, at the *card-table*; that for the most part, the company assembled here had never met before? Nevertheless, strange to say ! the lady yonder with the plume of *white ostrich feathers*, in her head ! is wife of the *Minister of finance*, in the *blue coat*, speaking with *Madame la Baronne de*——. The lady on the left, in the *black dress!* is mother of that young officer, gallantly supporting the back of the *Signora's* chair ! and the elderly man, who *wears the glasses*, is the reputed father, of the two married ladies, opposite :—both recently parted from their better halves—and are "in that condition which ladies wish to be who love their lords." The *tall lady*, near the window, with the *large black eyes*, is a *professional gambler;* and sister of the *little dandy gentleman*,

next her: the *huge German*, grouped with them, (called the *modern Hercules*,) is another notorious *black-leg*, and her humble slave; and that *handsome fop*, ogling LA BELLE FRANCOISE, *Madame la Baronne's*, beautiful daughter! is a *gay young Marquis!*.....A spendthrift, and one of the *firm of the Parisian salons*, in the *Rue St. Honorè;* who after ruining himself at play, and *beggaring* his *widowed mother!* is now living by his *ways and means!*"

CHAPTER V.

O, what authority and shew of truth
Can cunning sin cover itself withal!
Shakspear.

The *Englishman*, incensed at the *polished deceit*, and treachery of the *French fashionables;* instantly quitted the room, *sans cérémonie;* and was immediately followed by the *Count*, and his Page.

"Oh," cried *Madame la Baronne*, (noticing the abrupt departure of Mr. C———, and shrugging her shoulders,) "*that* is too *bad!* To

go off, without even bidding any one *good night.* But the *English* are all in the *rough!* no polish:—no manners:—nothing to make them bearable, but their *money!*.....and as for that *strange Count,*" (shaking her head, and looking significantly at the *Signora)* "'tis hard to say, *what* he *is!*.....I never saw such a singular exotic, in my life!... .....and then, his *hardihood,* this evening! was it not monstrous? Yet, for all that, he was too cunning to say any thing, that might commit him! Not so, our poor, *dear* Colonel:—your champion, *Signora!* Ah!" *theatrically expressed,* "how could any one think ill of him, for defending an *innocent, unprotected lady,* such as you?" As she made this last obervsation, glancing an eye-beam, full of meaning, at the *fair Italian;* without waiting for a reply, she changed her manner, from grave, to gay; and taking the *Signora* aside, whispered,

"But, what of that *pretty Page? ma chère!* He too *cut a figure in the scene,* to-night!..... Ah! take care *Signora!* not that I mean to insinuate that your *heart,* is in danger: for

that is out of the question, with such as *us!* but *women of the world*, have their *secrets;* and should beware of *spies;*—nay, continued she very significantly; though the boy may be *dumb;*.....he can *see*, and perhaps, *hear* also .....Indeed, I remember, once to have met an *adventurer* at a *card table*, who would *hear* only, what he *pleased;* and thus doing as he *liked*, took off a *lob* with him; and absconding to the *Netherlands*, set up a *faro-bank*, on his own account! and I afterwards heard of a *Baron*, in *female garb!*.....He was a great *financier:*—you understand me!.....And his wife, a *superb figure!* who dressed herself up in her *husband's clothes;* all to make their escape, and *out-wit* their creditors, *which they did.*.....In short, one could not tell, the *contrivances*, which people of rank, are sometimes obliged to have recourse to; and without which, they never could *carry on the war*, as they do!

The *Signora*, always knew *Madame*, to be shrewd, and quick! but never gave her credit for so much *penetration*, as at this instant; and

treasuring up her words, in her mind; but without saying any thing, according to the *Italian maxim:* "looks loose, *lips close;*" she squeezed her hand, expressively; and the company, then taking their leave; the *Signora* went to bed, thinking deeply on the occurrences of the night.

CHAPTER VI.

Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.
It is to be made all of sighs and tears;
It is to be made all of faith and service;
It is to be all made of fantasie,
All made of passion, and all made of wishes;
All adoration, duty and observance;
All humbleness, all patience and impatience;
All purity, all trial, all observance.

Shakspear.

The following morning, Mr. C———, who considered himself a principal in the affair between our hero, and the French Colonel; according to promise, took an early *déjeûné* with the *Count*, at his lodgings, in the *Rue St.*

Etienne; and while awaiting, the expected communication from the Colonel; in the warmest manner, expressed his gratitude, to our hero, "for his friendly interference in his behalf; which nevertheless," he said, "he lamented; fearing that something unpleasant might ensue from it, to the *Count.*"

Our hero, candidly replied, that "the laws of honor, were absolute, and inevitable;" and that, "he was prepared for the event!"..... But wishing to make light of the matter, added, that "if it should even terminate seriously, with him; he had not much to regret in life; as almost from his birth, he had been an *alien to his kindred, his country and happiness.*"——He sighed, as he pronounced these words, and with a view to lessen the weight of obligation, on the part of the *young Englishman;* added, that "he would be happy to render any gentleman a service; however, it was only common honesty, to detect *fraud*, and caution the *inexperienced.* But, independant of these considerations; that another, and a stronger incentive, had actuated his conduct; for the *friend he*

loved best on earth. One, who should be *nameless* ; and to whom he owed the deepest gratitude, he had been given to understand, was nearly allied to Mr. C——, and on that account he felt, that at *any risk*, he was bound to espouse his cause." Then, as if to give a turn to the conversation, he suddenly mentioned *Lady Charlotte Beaufort* ; and observed that "she was not only, one of the most beautiful, but one of the most *accomplished women of the age!*"

Mr. C———, who had little or no depth, and was naturally verbose ; without considering the inference to be drawn from the words of the *Count* ; answered that, "he had seen *Lady Charlotte* in England, on her return from America, after the death of her father; at which time she had made herself known to his connexions, in ———shire : namely, the *Noble family of the late Duke of* ——— , and that, she was indeed, deservedly very much admired by them, and all who knew her ; and might have been married most advantageously, if she pleased : for

that, the Marquis of ———, was over head and ears in love with her, and had made her an offer of his hand; but that she had a good deal of candour, and frankly acknowledged, that her *affections were pre-engaged;* and although she had lost sight of the object, *perhaps for ever;* the delicacy of her attachment, precluded the possibility of her ever forming any other *tender* engagement."

Here, the *Count*, labouring under the oppression of his feelings, became paler than before; and the Page, who was no less agitated than his master; also betrayed the greatest confusion. Their emotion however, passed unobserved; and Mr. C ——— again resuming the conversation, went on,

He said, that "*Lady Charlotte Beaufort*, had accompanied her friends, Lord and Lady ———, when they went on an embassy to the French Court, in the autumn of 1814; but that, after dashing away in Paris, for a season; without assigning any reason, she had *myste-*

riously withdrawn herself from the world! and that, not one of her family, had heard any account of her since."—.....At this pause, the *Count*, quite overpowered by his sensations, covered his face with his handkerchief; and Mr. C———, at length, noticing his embarrassment, as if a sudden thought, had just struck him! hastily asked the *Count*, "if he had known the late Mr. Beaufort, *Lady Charlotte's* father?"

A knock at the door, suspended the reply; our hero rose, and the young officer, who had been a party in the scene of the last evening; now entered.——He bowed to Mr. C———, and addressing himself sternly, to the *Count*, said, that "he waited upon him, as the *friend* of the *French Colonel*, to demand *immediate* satisfaction for the injury, which that officer, had sustained in his feelings the night before; when *certain observations*, had been made by the *Count*, which no *gentleman* could brook; and unless a proper apology were offered," said he, raising his voice! "and other matters

settled forthwith ; he could not say, what might be the consequences."

Our hero, who saw at once, into the drift of this preamble ; which meant, neither more, nor less, than the *money in question ;* darted a look of reproof and scorn, at the speaker ; and laconically answered, that " *he* was not the *aggressor ;* and that an apology was due to *him*, and not from him !.....Then, naming Mr. C———, as his *friend*, on the occasion ; he left him to arrange the other preliminaries ; and without further ceremony, retired into an adjoining room.

At this, the young officer, lowering his *tone*, made another overture towards *hush money ;* but, the *Englishman* cutting him short, on that subject ! it was at length, decided, that a *meeting* should take place, between the parties, at an early hour, the next morning, on the *Boulevard*.—The officer then, with apparent *sang froid*, withdrew ; and while Mr. C———, was talking over the matter with the *Count ;* the Page received a note from the *Signora*,

" requesting to see him, as soon as possible." ——He knew of the duel in agitation, and trembling for the safety of his master; now repaired, to attend the summons, of the *fair Italian*.

CHAPTER VII.

The world is still deceiv'd with ornament.
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But being season'd with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil?

Shakspear.

This lady, after the cogitations of the night, deemed it prudent, for *cogent reasons*, to decline the visits of the *Count*, in future; and she sent for the Page, in order to make the communication through him. She also, had it in contemplation, to *sift* this youth, for the last time.

The *Signora*, was sitting in her cabinet, with *Madame la Baronne de*———, at her elbow; when the Page in great perturbation, entered her apartment; but unable to proceed further than the door, he sunk down upon a seat. The *Signora*, assuming a chilling air, coldly bowed her head; but perceiving the youth looking ill, she yielded involuntarily to the feeling of the moment; and with an appearance of concern, hurried towards him.—He caught her hand, and bursting into tears, flung himself at her feet.—There was a beseeching expression, in his countenance, and making signs; he wrote with a tremulous hand, on a slip of paper, as follows:—

"*Signora!* the *Count de Mauvaise*, and the French Colonel, are to *meet* early to-morrow, on the *Boulevard:* they are good marksmen! and one, or *both may fall.*—I cannot say more..... three lives are in your hands, for *I shall not survive my friend!*"

"Oh!" exclaimed *Madame la Baronne*, looking over the *Signora's* shoulder; and perusing what had been just written, by the Page.

—She was going to shew off an *hysteric*, as a preface to what was to follow ; but quaking for her *dear* Colonel! and considering, that there was not much time to spare! she passionately besought the *fair Italian*, " to use her influence at *court!*"......" One word, *ma chère ;*" cried she, " one word from *you !*" ..... " Ah," clasping her hands energetically, " would she not send, write, fly!" " Promptness, was the life of business ; as *Napoleon* very well knew."—She was going to mention, the *Signora's trip from Elba !*..... but stopping short! gulped *that* down ; and looking suspiciously at the Page : "*Mum !*" said she, putting her fore-finger on her lip..... She twitched the *fair Italian*, by the sleeve ; and retiring with her into a corner ; they began a consultation about something, in a *whisper* ; which became lower as they proceeded...Then having, as it were, come to a conclusion ; *Madame la Baronne*, walking leisurely forward, towards the Page, now made a full stop, and seemed to be considering, how she should commence her operations.

Meanwhile, the *Signora*, at the request of *Madame*; taking up her pen, began writing to *Monsieur S—— ——*, a full account of the duel in embryo, with all the other leading particulars; however, before she finished her letter, the sapient state minister himself! made his *entrée*.

He came brimful of intelligence, from the emperor; but perceiving *Madame la Baronne*, and aware of her! bowing gravely, he took his seat. His marked silence, however, sufficiently intimated, that he was upon the reserve; and *Madame la Baronne*, who was alive to every thing; particularly when she had a *point* to carry! now considering this visit, very *apropos;* she made a ready excuse, and to the great relief of all parties, was gliding out of the room; but turning round at the door, and glancing *expressively* at the *Signora;* she beckoned to the Page, and taking him away with her, into an adjoining saloon; motioned to him to be seated.—She was up for mischief, and humming a tune, as she generally did on all such occasions; drew a chair out into the middle of the

room ; and sat down before a large *mirror*, which reflected objects at full length.

The Page,who now conceived *Madame*, to be engaged, looking at *herself!* had thrown himself carelessly on a sofa ; and averting his face, sat with his hand under his head, in a deep reverie.....His *Italian cloak*, was flung back ; and he had taken out of his bosom, a miniature *picture*, at which he was fondly gazing !

Madame, who had a full view of the youth, in the looking-glass! while seeming to be adjusting her head-dress, was literaly scrutinizing him.—She saw the *picture*, and could perceive, that it was the likeness of a very handsome young man, dressed *a la militaire ;* and her mind already on the stretch, this being a further excitement ; she softly came behind the Page, on tip-toe ; and closely inspecting the portrait, at once knew the original !

It was the picture of the *Count de Mauvaise!* and the very one, which we had occasion to mention, in the course of this work, that *Lady Charlotte Beaufort*, had long worn next her heart !

The mystery, was too deep for *Madame!* ..... It was, indeed, more than she could fathom..... ——— and giving way to her surprise, she uttered an exclamation of wonder !—

The Page, in great confusion, started up! and the *Signora*, who by this time, had made known her wishes to *Monsieur* S———, with respect to the *affair of honor* between our hero, and the French Colonel; having obtained his promise, that nothing *serious* should be suffered to take place; after getting rid of him, she repaired to the saloon.

CHAPTER VIII.

Ah! that deceit should steal such gentle shape,
And with a virtuous vizor hide deep vice!

Shakspear.

The *Italian lady*, knew the happy art, how to say much, in a little!.....And now, smiling at *Madame*; was giving a brief account of her success, with the *premier;* when happening to glance at the Page; and perceiving his embarrassment—she asked the Baroness, "what was the matter?"

The French lady! at first, answered with a

shrug. Then, forcing a smile, she nodded her head; and sarcastically surveying the Page, said, with affected indifference; "nothing more, *ma chère!* than a discovery, on my part; that the *Count de Mauvaise*, is a PRINCE IN DISGUISE!"

"Are you serious?" replied the *Signora*, eagerly! "*en vérité.*" replied *Madame.*

"The Page, is my authority!" continued she, with provoking irony; though it must be allowed, that the *grand secret* came out, rather *mal-apropos!* But, if you please, (putting herself into a theatrical attitude) "I'll describe the scene. Imagine a *téte-à-téte*, between a *Frenchwoman*, (for instance) *me*, and a *deaf and dumb* person; such as the Page! Then fancy the lady, in an elegant saloon, dressed for the morning, quite *a la monde!** before a looking-glass, with a *a high-crowned bonnet*, and a *garden of flowers*, on her head! which she was tastefully arranging; while the Page,

* It will be recollected, that this fashion, had been a sort of rage in France.

all the time, kept in *perspective*, was seen on a sofa, in *pensoroso* style, making love to a beautiful ——————————*picture ! !*

" A beautiful *picture* !" echoed the *Signora*, half-laughing.

" Yes," rejoined *Madame!* " however to prevent *misconception*, (archly expressed,) it was the *picture* of the *Count de Mauvaise* !"— She courtesied low, as if she thought, that she had said enough! but rallying again; with affected gravity, remarked, that " the *picture*, was a most superb thing! set in *brilliants;* and the painting exquisite!" Then, " it was the *strongest likeness*, she had ever seen:—no one could mistake the *original*!"... ....and, " she admired the *drapery* exceedingly."—" Would the Page, be so good," said the wily *Madame*, " as to give the *Signora*, a glimpse ?—The *dress* would quite charm her! !—No less, *ma chère*!" addressing the *fair Italian*, " than a *grand Spanish uniform*, covered over with decorations of *honor* !..... " Well!" continued she gayly, " all this may certainly, be very fine! and very necessary too:

for as a noted *swindler*, said of himself, perhaps, the *Count*, " *could not afford to dress plain* !"

Here, stifling a laugh she added, that " she had her own *ideas* of *travelling gentlemen*, under *peculiar circumstances* ! ! But never dreamed of CROWNED HEADS, in such predicaments, until now ! !"

The *Signora* was secretly amused : yet, was at a loss to understand the *jut* of all this :— and she plainly asked *Madame*, " what she was *at ?*"—But the Frenchwoman, knew how to play her dealing trick too well, to give a *direct* answer ; when an *evasive* one, might suit her purpose better : she therefore, said drily ;

" The Page may inform you, perhaps, *ma Chère.*"

This was a broad hint ! and the *fair Italian*, comprehending that *Madame*, was still upon the scent ; she glanced a sly look at her, and drew her towards a table that stood at the further end of the Saloon : on which, agreeable to the prevailing *goût*, were spread out a fine collection of fossils, shells, and other minerals ;

with specimens of the most beautiful spar, and crystalizations of various descriptions, &c. ; and *Madame*, at once professing to be a *connoisseur !*...with the greatest avidity, sat down to examine them.—However, this was only what might be called, a piece of stage management. The *Signora*, then directing her attention to the Page ; and throwing off the assumed stiffness, with which she had that day received him ; having conjured up a convenient smile for the occasion, began to talk to him, on her fingers. She gave him to understand, that, he might set his mind at ease, respecting the hostility in question ; for that every thing should be settled, to his satisfaction. She farther, encouraged him with kind, and placid looks, to come forward ; and sit down beside her.

The *Signora*, could *trifle* agreeably, even on serious subjects ; and had carried many a point that way, which otherwise, might have failed. She now affected to treat this youth, with her usual familiarity ; and gazing fondly in his face,

with a sort of playful entreaty in her looks; seemed to solicit a favour.

The Page, though not a little annoyed by the prying curiosity of *Madame:* nevertheless, felt grateful to the *Signora*, for her kind interposition in the late instance; and seeing clearly, that she required something of him, in return; he without hesitation, intimated his willingness to oblige her.—He presented his *pencil and tablet*, and the *Signora*, bowing her head, hastily wrote in *Italian*,

"Page! will you answer me truly, *three simple questions?*"

It is to be remarked, that this *fair Italian*, used to take pleasure in puzzling this ingenious youth, with *connundrums*; and other perplexing quibbles, difficult to solve! and the Page, now taken rather unaware; assented to her proposition.

At this, the countenance of the *Signora*, instantly changed its expression, from soft insinuation, to that of *stern, and scrutinizing inquiry!*.....She surveyed the youth attentively, for several minutes; then casting down her

eyes, in deep thought; after a pause of some length, the following dialogue, took place, in writing :—

" Page ! Why does your master style himself, the *false Count ?*"

" *Signora !* My master, as an ORACLE of TRUTH ! has styled himself, *what he is.*"

" Page ! You deal in mysteries, and presages ! !"

" *Signora !* Like the ancient, and unerring *prophecies of old*, they will work out their own destiny."

" Page ! Who is this *Count ?*

" *Signora !* He is a *noble of nature.*"

" Page! Disclose to me, your master's *real* rank in life ?"

The youth, as he read this *last* question, looked up at the *fair Italian ;* and in a lively manner, taking the pencil out of her hand ; deliberately wrote,

" *Signora* ! my master ranks high, for he is the noblest work of God :—a man, *in whom there is no guile* ! as the scene of last evening can testify."

Here, they both rose involuntarily !—and at that instant, some visitors happening to arrive; the Page, glad to be released; hastily took his leave, and withdrew !!

CHAPTER IX.

Come hither, boy ; if ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet pangs of it, remember me.
Shakspear.

The Page, hurried home :—he found his master alone, in his chamber ; sitting pensively, at a table ; with his writing-desk before him. A sealed packet, directed for ***Lady Charlotte Beaufort,*** was in his hand. It contained her letters to him, her picture, and a long lock of her hair ; which she had given him at parting. These *remembrancers* which

he had carefully preserved, in every vicissitude of his fortune,—*weal, and woe!* he was now, about resigning, *perhaps for ever*!!..... The idea wrung his heart; for at that moment, it brought to his mind, the recollection of *all* that he had lost!.....The agonizing reflection, was too much, for tender and acute, sensibility!! and yielding to a burst of heart-rending feelings, he exclaimed,

"In one convulsive struggle of my country! bereft of my *parents*, and my *birth-right*! and, in the helplessness of childhood, thrown upon a pitiless world, without a *home*, or a *friend*!——shall *I* who looked these *horrors* in the face; now discard all fortitude, and give way to weakness, and sorrow!!" He smiled at his own thoughts, and dashing away the tear upon his cheek; after a short, and pensive pause; and having with an expression of tender reluctance in his countenance, contemplated the packet awhile; he handed it to the Page, with written directions how to dispose of it, to this import; "that should the *meeting* in agitation, prove fatal to him; the Page was to de-

liver to *Lady Charlotte*, as soon as possible, the little parcel, confided to his care." The pledges of affection, which it contained, were simply specified ; with this addition, that "he had nothing else to leave, worthy of *Lady Charlotte*." He then added, that "from the conviction, he had lately received, of her fidelity to him, through the medium of Mr. C———— ; he was too much overpowered, by the sense of his harsh conduct, to write to her, at this time ; for how could he ask *her forgiveness*, when he could not *forgive himself* ! !"

At this reflection, he seemed much affected ; and shed tears ———— but repressing his emotion, he raised his head, and perceived, that the Page had been *weeping* too !—Our hero's heart overflowed again, with a tide of tenderness, and gratitude, at this proof of sympathetic affection ; and as if he felt, that he was now on the eve of *parting for ever* ! from this beloved youth ; straining him to his breast, he hung over him ; ejaculating aloud, a fervent prayer for his happiness ! and beseeching hea-

ven, to raise up for him another, and a more powerful protector ! !

Here the Page, betrayed excessive emotion; and gently disengaging himself, from the arms of his master,—turned aside, for a moment, to hide what was passing within him : he then, hastily intimated to the *Count*, that he had something of importance to communicate; and immediately reported to him in *short-hand*, the substance of the dialogue, before mentioned, with the *Signora;* together with all other particulars; and giving him to understand, that, he had reason to suspect, that some *treachery* was hatching in that quarter; he strenuously advised the *Count*, without loss of time, to get out of the way.

CHAPTER X.

————————O, that a man might know
The end of this day's business ere it come !
But it sufficeth, that the day will end ;
And then the end is known.

Shakspear.

Whilst these occurrences, were going forward ; the minister of state, *Monsieur S*————, true to his word ! having stated to the Emperor, that the French Colonel, had challenged the *Count de Mauvaise ;* orders were instantly issued, to have them both put in close arrest.— However, the French Colonel, only was forthcoming ; for our hero, who clearly foresaw all, that was to be dreaded, from the machina-

tions of the *sharpers;* prudently took the advice of his young friend, and *secreted* himself in the suburbs, under a feigned name, till the storm should blow over.

Meantime, the *gamblers*, dreading an *exposé*, and wishing to hush up the matter; through the interest of the *fair Italian*, the French Colonel, was immediately promoted, and sent to command a district, at some distance; which at once put an end to the affair.

It is worthy of remark, that the *oracle of truth*, which had been successfully exhibited in the French capital, for several months, *closed* at this period; and from *certain circumstances* that then occurred, it is to be inferred, that the *Count de Mauvaise*, was in some particular manner, connected with the exhibition: —for through the medium of the *oracle*, that is to say, the *letter-box;* he had received daily communications, of every material occurrence, that had passed in the circle of the *Signora Clementini di Milan;* from the commencement of his acquaintance with her, down to the time above mentioned! By this means, our hero,

was in full possession, of all the *state secrets* of Napoleon, that had been confided to the *Signora!* and what was still more extraordinary, these communications, were all made in the *hand-writing* of *Lady Charlotte!* The *Count*, who was aware of this, knew that she was somewhere near him, aiding him, in the furtherance of his plans! and his feeling on the occasion, may be better imagined, than described. However, every avenue to *Lady Charlotte*, seemed shut against him now. Nevertheless, he still resolved, to follow up his purposes. He accordingly, redoubled his vigilance, at this time; and in one disguise or other, frequented the different coffee-houses, within the *purlieus* of the court; for the purpose of sifting out intelligence, in conversation, with those officers, immediately about the person of the Emperor; and who usually attended such places, to read the papers; and talk over the news of the day.

By this time, it was discovered what was meant, by the *assembly* of the "*Champ de Mai;*" and the Parisians, struck with consternation—

and absorbed in meditations, on the *plot of the grand political drama;* seemed not a little crest-fallen. Meanwhile, all the ceremonials of the new constitution, were duly observed by the Emperor; who went in high military pomp to the installation of the legislature, which it appears, voted the presidentship of the *chamber of representatives,* to his bitter enemy, *M. Lanjuinais.* Napoleon, was much chagrined at this, but suppressed his indignation; and having expeditiously completed his civil arrangements, turning his warlike views, to meet the formidable coalition of crowned heads, convened against him; he called on the army, in glowing, and touching language, of which he was so consummate a master; and recommended France, and his own immediate destiny, to their wonted valour, and loyalty. His troops were all in preparation; and immediately assuming a hostile attitude, he rapidly made dispositions for a sweeping march towards the frontiers. His progress was rapid, and unremitted. New levies were raised; and the whole kingdom, might be called one grand army *en masse,* of

which cumbrous, and complex machine, this mighty leader, was the *primum mobile*. Napoleon, moved the great body of his force, rather towards Belgium : as being more contiguous to the English, and Prussian troops. And then, bidding *adieu*, to "*his good city of Paris*," as he always styled it ; instantly set out, for the theatre of war ; where anticipating his original success, he took the field, and commanded in person. A *political comedy*, had been hitherto represented ; but now a *deep tragedy*, was in rapid preparation, to be acted by managers, and performers, the most renowned, and consummate, that ever appeared on the theatre of DEATH, AND GLORY !

CHAPTER XI.

Lo ! where the giant on the mountain stands,
His blood-red tresses deep'ning in the sun,
With death-shot glowing in his fiery hands,
And eye that scorcheth all it glares upon ;
Restless it rolls, now fix'd, and now anon
Flashing afar ;———————————

Childe Harold.

Behold ! Napoleon again on the Arena ! displaying his gigantic fortitude and prowess, in defence of his empire, and his glory ; and all he held most dear on earth !——raising fortifications—taking or destroying the enemy's outposts ; and preparing to meet the dreadful conflict, that was to terminate his career for ever ! With the activity of the breeze, and

impetuosity of the tempest; his heroic plume is seen every where; succouring, rallying, forming, conquering!! His quick, and eagle eye, embraces every thing: his tongue, and sword, equally dazzling, and electric; he speaks, as he fights—every word, like every blow, reaches the spring of life, and kindles into flame, every latent spark of valour, or enterprise, in the soul of the hearer! Wherever he appears, his presence is irresistible! His *Veni! Vidi! Vici*! rings the air around! VICTORY in his front! but *defection* in his rere!—treachery at his right! corruption at his left! and *treason* in his cabinet! Could even the puissant Napoleon, unaided, deserted, betrayed, withstand it? O! Tal—r—nd, and fellow traitors! You have much to atone for! you have ensured the reprobation of all good men. You betrayed your King, and country. You have revelled on liberty, and loyalty! France, will ever remember, and execrate you! You have tarnished her glory—prostrated her power—insulted her pride, and wounded her honour! Availing yourself of the power, unhappily

vested in you, you curbed her resources; brought the enemy into her capital; and put up her king, and her people, to the auction of your rapacity, and treason! You have filled her with mortification and grief. You have covered her with sackcloth, and ashes; and made her at once, the pity, the ridicule, and scorn, of mankind! You have set an evil example to cabinets, terrible to kings, and people!

This is too much, it cannot be dwelt on; it cries aloud to France, and to heaven, for that vengeance, which God, and man, eternally denounce on the heads of those bad men, who barter, and betray their *King, and Country.* Your high crime, ought to be expiated by some adequate retribution, which would for evermore deter men in your station, from following your guilty example!

Napoleon, perceived not, the crimes of his cabinet: he saw not the evil spirits, now flitting thick about him; nor the deep gulph that was yawning, to swallow up his liberty, his empire, and his glory! He was at the crisis;

on the last arena ; where *all* was to be lost, or gained ; and no less a prize contended for, than the *great Napoleon himself!* But his thoughts, and energies, were solely directed to the liberation of France, and the subjugation of her enemies : his calculations, embraced no other object. At no period of his glorious career, did the powers of Napoleon, appear more brilliant, and conspicuous, than in this last, and most terrible of all his conflicts. He seemed to surpass even himself; and like the swan, whose dying notes, (we are told) are sweetest, this expiring effort of Napoleon, was the most splendid, the most momentous, and the most interesting, of his whole life ! !

CHAPTER XII.

———I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the dye.
Shakspear.

It is generally admitted, that no part of Napoleon's political character, and military history, presents such a display of extraordinary promptitude, and activity, as marked the short interval, between his resumption of the imperial diadem, and his total overthrow, on the plains of Waterloo. Although state affairs, occupied much of his time; nevertheless, he devoted

many days to the further conciliation of the love of the people, by his indulgence of the national character ; in their shows, amusements, ceremonials, and processions : to all of which, he seemed willing to extend extraordinary indulgence ; yet, even while thus engaged, he was never for a single instant, diverted from his purpose.

He was aware of the struggle, that was rapidly appoaching him ; and his active preparations for the deadly combat, were unceasing. Every means was tried to excite the population, to form themselves into corps of national guards, in order to do garrison duty, whilst the regular troops were employed on active service.—The conscripts of 1814, recruited the old corps ; various regiments were raised under the names of free and independent companies, *fédérés*, and volunteers ; fire arms of every description were procured, and served out ; the main army, as before observed, defiled on Belgium ; and other disposable forces, destined for the north of Italy, depending on the co-operation of Murat, assembled at the foot of the Alps, hoping to

divert from the main struggle, the whole of the Austrian force. In short, every warlike effort was used by Buonaparte, to keep the enemy in check : he knew well how to *manœuvre*, and is allowed to have been one of the ablest commanders of the age! But be it remembered, as holy writ has asserted it, that

"The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong."

The Neapolitan army, was defeated in the first conflict, by the northern warriors; and their commander Murat, fled to Buonaparte for refuge,little suspecting the reverse of fortune, which awaited the Emperor himself. This discomfiture threatened the hopes of *Napoleon*, and was attended with most disastrous consequences, as hostile armies, were now advancing on all sides.—The Russians, and Bavarians, were to enter on the Lower Rhine; the Prussians drew towards Flanders, to co-operate with the British army, under the command of Lord Wellington; and the Spaniards were moving forward with celerity, to contribute their aid,

in the campaign. Thus menaced, Napoleon determined to strike a decisive blow, which should intimidate the allies; and now making his plans public; he avowed his intention of opening the war on the *Sambre* and *Meuse*, for the purpose of breaking the centre of the allies. There was much gasconading by the French, and *Napoleon* himself, went so far as to say, at the "*Champ de Mai*," that "if the enemy brought 600,000 men, against him; he would oppose them with 2,000,000." However, neither the British chief, nor Blucher, were to be disheartened: they were prepared for exaggeration, and would rather have been the assailants, did circumstances permit; but the simultaneous movements of the allied troops, necessarily left that advantage to the enemy.

Without going further into the detailed accounts, according to estimate, the French army, most of which were veteran troops, amounted to 170,000, men; opposed to these, the allied forces, were 180,000: the half of whom were composed of raw, and ill-disciplined levies.

CHAPTER XIII.

——————————Oh heav'ns!
Why does my blood thus muster to my heart?
Measure for Measure.

——————————Give me leave
To tell you once again, that at my birth
The front of heav'n was full of fiery shapes,
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
Were strangely clam'rous in the frighted fields:
These signs have marked me extraordinary,
And all the courses of my life do shew,
I am not in the roll of common men.
Shakspear.

We must here retrograde a little, and inform the reader, that the *Count de Mauvaise*, who continued to watch the movements of *Napoleon*, while at Paris; when every thing was prepa-

red for an attack upon the allied army, still kept him in view, and followed him into Flanders. In all this perilous journey, the *Count*, was attended by his faithful Page. They travelled in rear of the Imperial guard; and on the 14th of the month, in the disguise of a *Troubadour, and his attendant;* passed through the camp, at *Avesnes*, where Napoleon, then was.

It was the intention, as we said, of the Emperor, to surprise the allied armies, on the following morning, by an attempt to separate them: and should he be successful, to take possession of Belgium.

He had just issued his *orders*, to that effect; and the *Count*, having obtained this important intelligence, set out for *Brussels*, early in the evening, accompanied by his Page, in order to communicate the information to Lord Wellington. They travelled on foot, lest suspicion might be excited: and proceeding with the utmost expedition by the shortest routs, through forests, hills, and vales, they soon found themselves on the direct road to *Brussels*.

Earth, and sky, bore witness to the delightful season of the year:—the heavens were clear: the landscape shone, in all the brightness of summer: nature smiled; and all seemed in harmony, but contentious, and unhappy man!

Memory, was now busy with the thoughts of our hero.—He had left his beloved France!—*the land of his fathers!*—The country, he might never see again! A sudden rush of accumulated regrets, and feelings, wrung his heart to agony: deep and repeated moans, burst from him! He started from his *réverie*, and gazed anxiously around him.—The Page, was ever at his side—his *eye*, intuitively followed those of his master; and at that instant, he looked almost inspired! struck by the beauty, and sublimity of the surrounding scenery,—he smiled sweetly, and expressively!..... He now hung, with boyish fondness, on the arm of the *Count;* and motioning with his right hand, pointed towards the last beams of the sun, then seen in perspective, and borne aloft, as on a throne of clouds, that streaked the horizon, like floating gold!—This enthusiastic young

person, wild, ardent, and unsubdued ; sanguine, and perhaps, aspiring ! sensible of the *wrongs of his much loved Lord !* and aware of the grand enterprise, on which he was going ; now thought that the aspect of heaven was auspicious : and that hope and fortune, in a thousand fairy forms, seemed to hail the steps of the hero, from every sun-lit mountain's brow !

Nature sometimes speaks, only in vague terms :—the *Count*, felt the look of this youth, at his heart ; and perfectly comprehending all he would say, his saddened features brightened. A beautiful star, was over his head :—the *evening star !* and he knew, that it had been predicted at his birth ;that this *planet*, would govern his destiny !.....His heart palpitated, for his imagination, again responded to something ominous !—He hurried along, breathing quick ; a smile of triumph, parted his lips ; and his romantic spirit, now more than ever, bent on the accomplishment of his present purpose:

" Ha ! Sovereigns of Europe !" exclaimed

he, (meaning the "Holy Alliance"*) "you will answer to me, *now !*.....The neglected claimant of the hereditary rights of ———, *will be heard*, at last !"—He made a great pause, but breaking out again : "Yes," said he, with energy ; "*man is the slave of circumstances :* however, Providence ! will work in wisdom. Fools, and Rogues, may be the instruments, but the end must be as heaven directs."

* * * *

"O France ! deluded nation !" continued he, stretching forth his arms, as if he would, yet protect his country !—"I go, not to betray ! but to *save thee from thyself !* For the body has become morbid, from the corruption of its members !"

Absorbed in a train of grievous ideas, his sighs were now, deep and frequent. But, friendship was near. The Page, appeared to read his thoughts ; and trembling with emotions, he

* *Holy Alliances* in politics, are very little to be depended upon. They are governed by moral principle, just as long as they feel it their interest.

could not well conceal ; again raised his eye—his full, *dark*, eloquent eye—to the face of his master.

There was something of supernatural force in the looks, and motions, of this enthusiastic boy ; which seemed to command the tide of feeling. Every generous sympathy, was then pressing on the soul ; and the flame was conveyed, from the breast of one, to the other.

There was now, a mutual sigh : a mutual pause.

What an astonishing mystery is man ! These sudden alarms of the heart, seem to be rather a divine power, which thinks, and feels within us ; without our being able to influence it either one way, or the other.

Our hero, felt that kind of sensation, which frequently exists without our knowing whence it is produced : and which brings to the mind, such fantastic images, (like sick men's dreams) as we find it impossible to define.

The Page, averted his burning cheeks ; and the *Count*, tenderly regarding him, softly apostrophised,

"Oh, my best solace! in whom is united with woman's tenderness, all man's fidelity!—mysterious boy! were you sent to me from a *better* world, to sweeten my bitter cup of life?—for, who, but an angel, would steal one pang from the racked heart of the desolate, disconsolate, and much—much injured *Charles of*"—

He was interrupted; a General Officer, on horse-back, suddenly emerged from behind some trees; and enquired "*if they had seen any Courier, pass that way?*"

The first glance, declared his quality.—It was the ever-vigilant *Napoleon*, who happened to be out in that direction, *reconnoitreing* the ground. He checked his horse, in front of our hero, and after a moment's survey; as if the newly awakened mind of the Emperor, had been struck with the force of conviction,—calling aloud to his train, which now appeared in sight; he promptly said, "stop that man, and boy, *'till they give a proper account of themselves.*"

They were instantly taken to the Camp, where after undergoing the usual interrogato-

ries, it being reported to the Emperor, that nothing could be elicited from these persons ; further, than that they were "*Itinerants!*" he mused very thoughtfully, for about a minute ; then apparently affected with some secret emotion, directly ordered the prisoners, to be brought before him !

CHAPTER XIV.

Smooth runs the water, where the brook is deep ;
And in his simple shew he harbours treason.

Shakspear.

Napoleon, was now in his tent, surrounded by his officers, when the *Count*, and his Page entered.

The *Count*, stood forward.

Napoleon gazed at him, for some time, in silence..... " Who are you ?"—said he, at length ; in a strong, and commanding tone.

The *Count*, promptly answered, that " he was a *Parisian* by birth ; and an unhappy *wanderer*, since he was a child !"

Napoleon, smiled very significantly ; and shrugged his shoulders. " Where were you going," said he, sternly ; " when we saw you, at the entrance of the forest ?"

" The *Count*, replied, that " he was on his way to *Brussels*."

" To *Brussels* !" echoed Napoleon ; knitting his brows. " Did you pass through the Camp ?"

" I came along the out-skirts," said our hero.

" Who is this boy, you have with you ?" resumed the Emperor, glancing at the Page.

" He is *a child of misfortune*, like myself !— said the *Count*, sighing heavily.—He is *deaf and dumb !* sympathy, made *me* his friend, and I call him, the son of my adoption."

Napoleon, as if doubting the Count's veracity ; in a sudden manner exclaimed, " *What is your name ?*"

" The *Count*, who well knew, that he had

nothing for it, now but resolution, and address; without hesitation, mildly, but fearlessly answered: "my name is *Charles*, and I belong to the *old Noblesse of France.*"

Napoleon, visibly surprised, sprang from his seat.—A storm was gathering on his brow. He still kept his eye fixed upon our hero, and again breaking silence, suddenly said, "I *now* know you! I remember well your tale! you were *pensioned* by me."

The *Count*, bowed profoundly. "Man!" cried the Emperor, no longer able to contain; "are you not aware of your temerity? and that we might be warranted, in treating you as a *spy.*"

Our hero, stood apparently undismayed; and putting his right hand to his breast, said with great feeling,

"Sire, I am a prisoner, and in your power; but, as I have not in any wise committed myself; I have every confidence that NAPOLEON THE GREAT! will not act unworthy of *himself!*

This compliment, the sincerity of which may be justly doubted, closed the conference.

Napoleon ordered the prisoners to be removed ; and as they went out, he said to his attendants, " take care of these *persons*, and let them be strictly guarded. !!"

Here then, we shall now leave them, while we step back, and take a view of what was passing in the grand scenery of European politics.

CHAPTER XV.

There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's Capital had gather'd then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men ;
A thousand hearts beat happily ; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell ;
But hush ! hark ! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell !

Childe Harold.

About the 10th or 12th of June, the French army began their movements towards the several points of concentration ; and taking up the

ground on Maubeuge and Avesnes, evinced an intention, as before stated, of separating the allied armies, and should that attempt be successful, of taking possession of Belgium.

On the 14th, Napoleon addressed his troops at Avesnes: making choice of that day, because it was the anniversary of the battle at Marengo; and as he said, had twice decided the destiny of Europe!! Thus ever keeping before the eyes of his soldiers, their former successes. "Then," said he, "as after "Austerlitz, so after Wagram, we were "too generous! We believed in the protesta- "tions of Princes whom we left on the throne! "Now, however, coalesced among themselves, "they would destroy the independence and "the most sacred rights of France. They "have commenced the most unjust of aggres- "sions. Let us march then to meet them! "Are they and we no longer the same men? "soldiers! at Jena, against these same "Prussians, who are now so arrogant, you "were one against three; and at Montmirail, "one against six! Let those among you, who

" have been prisoners of the English, detail the
" frightful miseries which they suffered in their
" hulks! The Saxons, the Belgians, the Hano-
" verians, the soldiers of the confederation of
" the Rhine, lament that they are compelled
" to lend their arms to the cause of Princes, the
" enemies of justice and of the rights of all
" nations: they know that this coalition is
" insatiable!—After having devoured twelve
" millions of Poles, twelve millions of Italians,
" one million of Saxons, six millions of Bel-
" gians, it must devour the states of the second
" rank of Germany!—The madmen!——A
" moment of prosperity blinds them.—The
" oppression and humiliation of the French
" people are beyond their power.—If they en-
" ter France they will there find their tomb.—
" Soldiers! we have forced marches to make,
" battles to fight, hungers to encounter; but
" with steadiness, victory will be ours; the
" rights, the honour, the happiness of the
" country, will be re-conquered!—For every
" Frenchman, who has a heart, the moment
" is arrived, to conquer or perish!"

At three o'clock on the morning of the 15th, the first attack was commenced by Reille, who forced the Prussian posts, upon the Sambre.—Certain it is, the French overwhelmed the first Prussian Corps, near Fleuris: General Ziethen was defeated, and Charleroi fell into the hands of the enemy. This being achieved, the French made a rapid progress through that part of the country, towards *Brussels;* and driving all before them, on the same evening, attacked a brigade of Belgians, and obliged them to fall back from Frasne, to the well-known farm house, called *Les quatre bras.*—Blucher, with the three other divisions of the Prussian army, was posted upon the heights, between Bry, and Sombref, a short distance from Fleuris, awaiting the arrival of Bulow, and others, with reinforcements, which were expected on the 15th.—The British army was stationed between Ath, and Nivelles, to unite with the Prussians, in case of an attack.

The memorable ball given by the Duchess of Richmond, at *Brussels*, it will be recollected, was on the night of the 15th.—It was a brilliant

assemblage of all the rank, and fashion in the place; and amongst the most conspicuous of these, were the Dukes of Wellington, and Brunswick, with the gallant Earl of Uxbridge, now Marquis of Anglesea, and many other officers of distinction.

There was a vast number of English nobility, and gentry present, who had left Paris, on the arrival of Napoleon.—Amongst these, was the ever gay, and busy Marchioness of Belmont,* who had again in her suit, the beautiful *Italian*, whom we have so often mentioned in the course of this work. This lady, appeared in all the blandishment, that youth, beauty, and rare accomplishments, can add to the female character. But she was, after all, only the *spy* of Napoleon; who had for the second time, availed himself of her talents, to further his views. In the first instance, she had succeeded, by producing the opportunity of his escape from Elba: now was the trial of her skill at issue, in

* The *ci-devant*, Lady Belinda *Haut-Ton*.

keeping the British staff so engaged, as to render them, if possible, unwilling to quit those scenes of pleasure and dissipation, for the toils and dangers of the "*tented field.*" Every eye was attracted to the fair enchantress, during the first part of the evening; but about twelve o'clock, she was missed from the ball room ** * * * * * * as was also * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *.———At this moment, a STRANGER entered the assembly, and cried out, with great energy, "*Britons! to arms.*" The staff of * * * * * * was thrown into consternation.—The bugles sounded—the chief was sought for, and found * * * * * * * * * *. Orders were immediately issued, to prepare for action; for an express arrived stating, that the work of destruction, had already commenced. Information was also received, that the enemy were advancing on *Brussels:* and from the rapidity of their march, must be very near. On this intelligence, the intrepid Wellington, put his troops to their speed: it was then four o'clock in the morning; and before the sun had

risen to its altitude, the English divisions, were within view of *Les Quatre Bras*, with Wellington himself, at their head; who on ascertaining the position of the French, ordered the whole army to move upon that place, as the central point. General Picton's division, was in the van, led by that brave commander; who having arrived from England, only the night before, was one of those, who after dancing till midnight, appeared in the field of battle, meeting a well prepared enemy's army; even in their ball-room dresses!!

CHAPTER XVI.

Hark! heard you not those hoofs of dreadful note?
Sounds not the clang of conflict on the heath?
Saw ye not whom the reeking sabre smote;
Nor saved your brethren ere they sank beneath
Tyrants and tyrant's slaves?---the fires of death,
The bale-fires flash on high:---from rock to rock
Each volley tells that thousands cease to breathe;
Death rides upon the sulphury siroc,
Red battle stamps his foot, and nations feel the shock.
Childe Harold.

Napoleon had fixed his head-quarters, at Charleroi, as this position favoured his object on *Brussels;* and was in terrible array. Of infantry, there were five corps of twenty-four

thousand men each. The imperial guard amounted to thirty thousand: nine thousand of which, being the flower of his army, were with Napoleon himself: for upon them he knew, he could especially rely. The French cavalry, was not less than twenty-six thousand, heavy and light horse: and adding four thousand artillery, they had thus in the field, one hundred and seventy thousand men!!

Napoleon taking a firm stand, as usual, had drawn himself up on the ascent of a hill: and at the moment his trumpet sounded a charge, on the frontier line of the Prussian army, the English banners, appeared in sight.

Prince Jerome, Napoleon's brother, commanded the French army on the left: Grouchy was on the right: and Ney in the centre. Marshal Soult, was Napoleon's Major-General: and the five General officers, who led the five corps of infantry, were Erlon, Reille, Vandamme, Gerard, and Lobau.

Prince Blucher, commanded the Prussian army: which including cavalry, consisted of above one hundred thousand men, in four

divisions: but one of the corps had been thinned in the onset, as before related.

The whole force under the Duke of Wellington, was computed at eighty thousand men, of which part, the British estimate was thirty-three thousand. This heroic leader, was opposed to the left wing of the French, under Ney.—He kept the appointed station at *Les Quatre Bras*, and posted his sharp-shooters, on a covering eminence. The brigade which had been driven from thence, was reinforced by the Prince of Orange, and had regained its ground.

At this time, the Prussians occupied a commanding situation, in front of two villages, called St. Amand, and Ligny, which were in their possession.—The enemy brought up their numerous ranks, to the number of one hundred thousand men, against eighty thousand. St. Amand was attacked, and after a severe conflict, was carried by the French, late in the afternoon. Ligny, became the next object of the enemy; and here, the contest was dreadful! It lasted five hours! The firm battalions of

the van-guard, were almost all cut to pieces. Rank, after rank of the Prussians, was mown down, by the pressing thousands of Napoleon: but their comrades stood without receding a step, and closing over the dead where they fell: still presented an impenetrable front of steady valour. The French had entered the village sword in hand, four times; and four times were they driven out. A park of artillery from both sides, played on this unfortunate village, and the thatched houses catching fire, at length, the place was in flames.—Tears were coursing each other in mute woe, down the cheeks of the venerable Blucher. "Grievous has been the havoc of this day," said he, shuddering, as he looked round, on the dead heaps of his fallen countrymen!——"But the destroyer, as heretofore,* seems determined to glut his rage in the blood of our bravest sons;

* The enmity, which subsisted between Prussia, and France, was of the deadliest nature:—France, in her hour of victory, had trampled upon the Prussians—and outraged every feeling of decency, and humanity:—But the moment of retribution, had now arrived.

and their blood be on his head !"——" O Author, and finisher of the destinies of man !—— Lover of justice ! hear thy servant," cried he, raising his voice, and extending his martial arms to heaven : " let the disturber of mankind, be humbled at * * * * * *. Let his future life be troubled, and his death inglorious ! — then our bravest troops shall not have perished in vain ! and their monument will be our country's liberty." All the ardour of this justly incensed chief, seemed to be transferred to his arm,—and spurring his horse, he exclaimed, " Prussians ! we fight, to *conquer or die!*—Follow me."

CHAPTER XVII.

Strike up the drums, and let the tongue of war,
Plead for our int'rest. * * * *
* * * Do but start
An echo with the clamour of thy drum,
And even at hand a drum is ready brac'd,
That shall reverb'rate all as loud as thine.
Sound but another, and another shall,
As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear,
And mock the deep-mouthed thunder.

Shakspear.

The veteran, General Blucher, with his dauntless legion, now re-took St. Amand, and recovered the heights, which had been gained by the enemy. Had Bulow's corps arrived at this moment, the advantage would have been incal-

culable. Blucher was perilously engaged : but no assistance came to his aid. The British could not assist the Prussians ; as they were themselves attacked on all sides, by superior numbers. Evening had set in !—Bulow was still absent ! and in this extremity, the immortal Blucher, had nearly fallen a sacrifice to his zeal. He led a charge himself, in which he failed : his horse was shot, and the wounded animal, in maddening pain, rushed furiously forward ; till it dropt down dead ! The veteran fell, entangled under it, and the fall, for an instant, stunned him. His flying squadrons did not perceive him,—the Prussians, in the most disastrous confusion, had all galloped by. But, one heroic heart, remained to share the fate of his beloved commander.—It was the famous Prussian Adjutant, whom Blucher had raised from the ranks,who alighted to extricate, or perish with him. The enemy hot in the pursuit, fortunately did not see him : they were charged a second time by the Prussians, and in the rapidity of their retreat, again passed this veteran by ; as heretofore. He was now extri-

cated from under the horse, and immediately mounting the Adjutant's charger, with exhaustless courage, and military skill, pressed on the French; and maintained the fight, till the darkness of night interposed, to separate the combatants. During the whole of the action, victory was on the side of the French; and it is said, that those sanguinary men, Generals Erlon, and Vandamme, leagued together, and with barbarous triumph, hoisted the black flag, as a signal, that they would give no quarter.

The Prussians though beaten, rallied again, and forming in solid squares, retired in good order. We know, that this great body of men, were not pursued on this occasion: they rested on their arms through the night, within gun-shot of the field of battle; and the official accounts say, that their loss on that day, amounted to twenty thousand men.

Napoleon meantime, had given orders, that the main attack should be made on the British. About three o'clock, the bugles and trumpets blew the dreadful blast of war! Marshal Ney, brought down at least 40,000 French, on our

firm battalions, stationed at *Les Quatre Bras ;* they commenced the engagement with their usual shout, and displayed great impetuosity.

The British chief, was posted on a hill. He saw all with a martial eye, and a dreadful mingling of men in arms, struggling in the reciprocal grasp of death, passed before his quick perception : but though heart-struck, at beholding many of his brave fellows falling around him, his mind was firm : there was no confusion, no, not even for a single instant ! The Brunswickers of the 5th division, had come up early in the day, and assisted not a little to maintain the position. These were commanded by the Prince of Orange, aided by the Duke of Brunswick ; Sir Thomas Picton ; Sir James Kempt ; and the heroic, and zealous, Sir Denis Pack.*

* This gentleman, lately deceased, commenced his military career in the 14th Light Dragoons ; but having been cashiered on account of some trifling dispute, with the late unfortunate Sir George Dunbar—then a Major in the Regiment.—Mr. Pack, entered the service again, as a volunteer, under the Duke of York—who soon distinguished him for extraordinary bravery, and promoted him to a commission in the 4th Dragoon Guards.

In this desperate onset, the Prince of Orange was surrounded, and nearly made prisoner; but was rescued by the *Belgians*—who well deserved the name.—The Duke of Brunswick was killed; and here Sir Thomas Picton, received his first wound, which he concealed, nor was it discovered, till after his death! In this action, the French force was much more numerous, than that of the allies: and the 42d, and 79th regiments, suffered most severely.—Bulow's corps arrived during the night, and found, that the allied troops had maintained their position.

Marshal Blucher, having made a movement with his army upon Wavre, it was necessary for the Duke of Wellington, to fall back in the direction of Waterloo.—He did so, on the morning of the 17th.————The retreat was well protected by whole columns of heavy cavalry, and horse artillery. The

—His subsequent success, was created by his own merits, independent of any of those artificial means, too often resorted to, in the army.

pursuit came on full charge, led by Lancers; but our squadrons, suddenly wheeling about, with invincible courage bore down to sustain the shock: the might of more than man, seemed to be in the arm of each well appointed Briton; and breaking through the astonished combatants, with every fall of the sword, laid hundreds at their feet.—The corps of Lancers, perished nearly to a man; many of them were trampled down by a large body of heavy cavalry!

The mingled groans of the dying, and shrieks of the wounded, now ascending through a cloud of battle, seemed to reach the very arch of heaven!——While the tempest of death blew around, the sky itself assumed a most fearful aspect.—The effusion of human blood underneath, appeared, as it were, reflected from above, in a flood of livid fire; and a tremendous burst of thunder, at this time, pealing abroad—it was as if the voice of God, in his wrath, was heard in the storm!—Lightning blazed in the firmament, and rain fell in torrents from heaven, as if forcibly to bring to mind, a recol-

lection of the *deluge of old!!* directed against a guilty world!—A panic spread through the French lines; and with yells of dismay, the enemy fled! Another, and another discharge of thunder, burst on the ear,———but seeming to pass off towards the west, it died away, by degrees, in deep and lengthened sounds.*

* This is not the fancy creation of the Author; the fact, as may be seen from the *records of the day,* was exactly so.-- The History of the War, gives an account of this tremendous storm.

CHAPTER XVIII.

There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.
Shakspear.

O think, what anxious moments pass between
The birth of plots, and their last fatal periods.
Oh, 'tis a dreadful interval of time.
Fill'd up with horror all, and big with death.
Cato.

We shall now take leave, for a while, of *War* and *Carnage;* and return to our hero, the *Count*, and his Page; whom it will be recollected, we left prisoners, in the hands of Napoleon. We cannot enter into the *minutiæ* of

circumstances, our limits being confined; and shall only add, for the pleasure and information of our readers, that after being detained one night, in the French camp, they made their escape, in the course of the following day: which it will be remembered, was the *memorable 15th. of June!!*

The fate of Europe, hung on an instant! The French, as before stated, had forced the Prussian posts. General Ziethan, was defeated: and the enemy, on the same evening, were rapidly making towards *Brussels*. In fact, without going further into detail, it is known, that were it not for a brigade of Belgians, at *Frasne*, which impeded their progress, the day must have ended in the universal destruction of the British army—then stationed between Ath and Nivelles!

We neither blame, nor praise the great Captain of the Age; but Providence so ordered it, that the British arms, should be victorious, notwithstanding the combined operations, of *error, and negligence!!*

It was a crisis, in the fate of nations! All

powers human and divine, seemed to be leagued against the allies : except the *stranger*, who gave the alarm, in the ball-room, at *Brussels ;* whom may be justly called the Angel of their deliverance ! Heaven, in its own way, makes use of those instruments, it deems fit, for the accomplishment of its wise, and inscrutable purposes.

We have to remark, that during the preceding engagements, a man *in a black garb*, was observed at intervals, by the contending armies, hovering near the scene of action, as if anxiously watching the event. He stood on the promontory, of one of those rocky heights, which *over-hung the field of combat ;** and frequently waving his hands in the air, as one agitated by some mysterious bodings, shouted what was universally conjectured, some dreadful augury ! !

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

* These heights were of the utmost consequence to whoever had possession of them. They were very often taken, and re-taken, during the three days of action.

He was recognized by some of the French soldiers, to be the same *commanding, and awful figure;* who uttered the PREDICTION, at the "*Champ de Mai.*"

On comparing events, and circumstances, the damp of death seemed to take possession of the French leaders! The entire army experienced a *paralytic shock*—insomuch, that the ground they had won, was recovered by the allied forces.†

† This will be seen by the details of the actions: on the 16th, the French were victorious.—They had gotten possession of the heights, which they maintained, until the British forces were reinforced by the Prince of Orange, when the enemy was dislodged, and the *post of honor* regained by the allies.

CHAPTER XIX.

I'll read your matter, deep and dangerous:
As full of peril and advent'rous spirit,
As to o'er-walk a current, roaring loud,
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.
Shakspear.

Be it remembered, reader, we are writing the MYSTERIES OF THE HUNDRED DAYS OF NAPOLEON; and whenever there is any thing mysterious, the mind must be anxious for the developement:—suffice it to say, the *Count de*

Mauvaise, who still kept himself unknown—and apparently apart from all these scenes—will be found in the end, to have been a principal main-spring, in the *invisible hand*, towards bringing about the deliverance of Europe!—This will appear in the sequel, if the Reader shall have patience, to compare the circumstances connected with the history of the day.—

On the morning of the 17th, –the *Count*, and his Page, breasting the *thunder-storm*, went on before the English army in the direction of *Waterloo*. They were on an enterprise of deep moment, disguised in *peasants' garments*.—They kept the British army in view, as they had heretofore, that of the French!

The *Count*, who from his imbittered and cheerless course of life, might be said, to have imbibed a sort of constitutional melancholy; on this day, had given himself up to the most painful reflections. .....The rigours of his fate, were strong in his imagination; and he might well have been considered as having attained the climax of human misery! for though

born a prince, and the acknowledged heir of a powerful empire! he had been, at one time, reduced to the necessity of begging his bread; a stranger, *obscure* and *unknown* in that land, the sceptre of which, his father and ancestors, had long borne!..... And what was he now? An exile, and a fugitive! *outcast*, and *denied* by his country, and proscribed without a crime! But, it was not his own individual woes, that pained him, at this time. He felt, on the present occasion, for the general destruction of the human race! However, the cause of France, was nearest his heart; for although she had abandoned him, he was sensible, that it was *still his country!*

The idea of his birth, always agonized this worst fated, and singularly *unfortunate prince;* for it brought to his mind, some associated recollections of his early days; and he now thought, how his *destiny had mocked him!* Other afflicting remembrances, connected with this part of his history, followed these subsequent reflections.

There was, indeed, one awful event, inter-

woven with the ruined fortunes of this hero, which had astonished all Europe! and that was the *catastrophe of his royal parents*, who had both been immolated to popular fury! The tide of natural feeling, was now at its height; a sob of anguish, burst from his heart; and yielding to the agony of the instant, he exclaimed,

"Accursed France! false to thy anointed king! and true to none!! the blood of *Louis the Unfortunate*, even now, rises up in judgment against thee, from the scaffold on which you murdered him!! But the hour of retribution, is at hand. May God of his mercy, punish the guilty, and *defend the right!*" At these words, a peal of thunder, struck on his ear! it seemed to him, an awful, and sympathetic response from heaven! and instinctively uplifting his hands, and eyes, he sunk on his knees, amid the contending elements.

Rain fell in torrents from the sky, and the tempest raged with unmitigated fury! Having contemplated awhile, this tumult of nature; he started, and smiled!

"The spirits of my ancestors, ride in these

blasts !" said he, wildly gazing on vacant space before him. " Yes," he continued, still looking up to heaven,—" they come ! not as demons of the air, but as delegated powers, to smite down my ungrateful countrymen, in the shock of battle ! for the phial of divine wrath, must be poured out ! but not by *me !*"

He gasped convulsively : a great struggle was passing within him ; and clasping his hands, he exclaimed,

" Father of men, and angels ! listen to my groans, for unhappy France !——But thy mercy will pity, and pardon her madness."..... Tears, and affliction, now stopped his further utterance ; and in an agony of grief, he laid down his head, and wept.

At this pause, the storm increased : it blew a hurricane ! Trees were torn up by the roots ! and thunder, once more pealing in the waste, sounded some portentous intimations !

The heart-struck *Count*, who mourned the deep transgressions of his country ; as if he thought, that he heard its final condemnation ! with an over-awed spirit, remained prostrate

on the earth ; and when the last burst of thunder, died away, he lowly uttered the following ejaculation :—

" Mysterious heaven ! my sighs, and moans, are answered ! for I feel, that thou callest me from this world, to thee! and before thy altars, I shall know no human weakness.....But while I live, O France ! take my latest sigh."

The young, and *devoted Page*, during this time, had retreated a little behind. He looked way-worn, and dejected ; but resolved to follow the fortunes, of this *hapless prince;* his invincible determination, was depicted in his looks, and gestures ; and when the *Count*, pronounced the last sentence, this ever affectionate, and attached Page, in a paroxysm of enthusiasm, precipitated himself on his knees, and seemed to pray fervently !

Indeed, it would appear, that this reputed *pupil of the Abbé de l' Epée*, possessed some hidden knowledge ; for he knew the whole heart of his *royal master !*

Be it as it may, he made a SOLEMN VOW to share his *fate* and *fortunes ! !* and the prayer of

his soul, now was, that he might not *survive him!!*

During this interval, the hurricane abated! and the mist which hung over the opposite hills, having rolled off; the village of *Waterloo*, suddenly appeared in sight.

The *Count*, rose hastily. His faithful Page, was already at his side; and the *eye* of this sympathising youth, responding to the meaning that spoke in those of his friend; they hurried forward, and without further delay, proceeded on their journey.

CHAPTER XX.

Some Strange commotion
Is in his brain ; he bites his lip, and starts ;
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
Then lays his finger on his temple ; strait,
Springs out into fast gate, then stops again ;
Strikes his breast hard, and then, anon, he casts
His eye against the moon.

Shakspear.

Early in the evening, the whole of the British force reached the place appointed; and the ground Lord Wellington chose, it will be remembered, was *Waterloo*.—When informed, that the French had been successful at the pro-

posed head-quarters, and requested to change his position—" No," said the gallant Wellington! " here, in this very spot, the battle must be fought, and won!"*——

The position occupied by the Duke, was in front of *Mount St. Jean*, (a village and farm so called) on a rising ground, about an English mile and a half in advance of the little town of Waterloo.†—It communicated with the high roads from *Nivelles* and *Charleroi*, to Brussels.

Napoleon passed the night of the 17th at the farm-house, called *Les Quatre Bras*. He had

* It may be recollected, that the Duke of Wellington, in passing this place, some time before the return of Napoleon from Elba, said, that " if he was ever to fight a battle in that country, this should be the spot he would choose."

† The village of Waterloo, is about nine miles from Brussels. At the village of Waterloo, the traveller may read, in the little church, several inscriptions, sacred to the memory of those heroes who " *gloriously fell in the battles of Quatre Bras, and Waterloo.*"

" The hamlet of Mount-St.-John is situated more than a mile from Waterloo, where the road on the right branches off towards Nivelles. Here by an easy ascent, the road suddenly rises, the upper part of which forms a kind of ridge. The British army

been unusually wound up, the whole of that day; and now calling his Generals around him, before he tasted any refreshment, arranged his plans, for the ensuing morning; then, having taken a little biscuit, and water; desiring that he might be left alone: sat down for some time, absorbed in thought!! * * * * * He was taking a retrospect, of his past eventful life! and what his reflections were, is left to the imagination of the reader.

At first, he maintained his *equilibrium;* or if he experienced sensations, they were of a satis-

occupied this ridge, and the ground behind it. The Wellington tree, immortalized by the name of the hero, on this spot raises its straggling branches: the trunk is shattered by the bullets which penetrated it. The Duke of Wellington, was posted near this tree, the greater part of the day.

The little valley in front, extending in breadth to half a mile, was the scene of the murderous conflict. The French occupied the opposite ridges. Close by the road, and in front of the Wellington tree, is *La Haye Sainte*, the place of the second desperate attack, that in a degree decided the fate of the battle.

On the road to Charleroi, and on the ridge almost parallel to the British centre, is *La Belle Alliance*. This was the position of Napoleon during the action, until he advanced, and headed the last charge."

factory nature ; for his eyes flashed with more than their wonted brightness : and all the fire, and energy of his character, seemed displayed in a single look ! But, gradually relaxing, as if subdued by some secret consciousness ; his arms fell nerveless at his side—a deadly paleness, overspread his aspect—and his dark hair, strong and bristly, stood an end !

" Obstupuit steteruntque comæ et vox faucibus hæsit ! !"

It was, at the dead hour of the night, when graves yawn, as it were, and grim spectres, scare the troubled consciences of men. Was it so now with Napoleon ? Did he see, or fancy that he saw, rising before him, in rapid succession, those countless victims of his mad ambition, who at his terrible mandate, had been prematurely hurled into an awful eternity ? Did his misdeeds, stare him in the face ? And did the shade of his late wife, the *Empress Josephine*, also reproach him ; and form the *climax* of this scene of secret dread, and inward horrors ?

Indeed, it would appear, that the *genius* of the *repudiated Josephine*, had always been the auspicious *star!* that ruled the destiny of Napoleon: for by her means, he climbed to greatness, and to glory! But, in evil hour, he kicked down the ladder that raised him; and from that instant, if we follow him, through the *course of his history*, we shall find, that his sun was fast verging to the horizon, soon to set for ever!!

If such were his ideas, at this time, a train of other thoughts, rushing on his mind, chased away the gloomy vision; and his countenance brightening, he began drawing parallel lines, with his sword, along the floor; as if marking the ground, *preparatory to a battle!* He whispered to himself, his former successes; and after forming several mathematical figures, in *tactics;* keeping his eye fixed to one particular *point*—he rested on his sword!

It was an *Egyptian sabre*, of well-tempered steel, which had often sustained him, in similar situations; but now, strange to say, bending beneath his weight, it snapped in pieces!! It

would seem, that the breaking of his sword, was *ominous!*..... Napoleon, started from his waking dream, and looked wildly round the room! his *Bible*, which he always carried with him, lay on a table just near: and with trepidation, snatching up the *sacred volume*, he opened it, at the *Revelation of St. John!*.....But, calling himself, "*the child of destiny!*" he suddenly shut the book, and in the very spirit of *fatalism*, exclaimed,

"WHAT MUST BE, WILL BE!!!"..... He struck his burning forehead, with his hand; and then, wrapping himself, in his large military cloak, lay down prostrate on a couch: here, he sighed deeply, and without intermission.....Having spent some time, in this dejected mood; he dropped into a sort of broken, and perturbed slumber. He dreamed, (and it was a *portentous dream*!) that he was in an open boat, on a stormy sea; and that a hurricane, blew around him! Then, groaning in his sleep, as if contending with the very elements themselves!! He imagined, that his

little skiff upset, and that just ingulphed, an unfathomable abyss, opened to receive him!!

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

At this time, it was about day-break: the French *réveiller*, which was within hearing, awoke him; and rising quite disordered, he threw open the window, to breathe the air more freely.—Some of his attendants without, hearing him up, hurried in; but taking no notice of any one, he continued at the window; till a trumpet-call, sounding at a distance, roused him!.....It was the *bugle of the enemy!* he turned quickly round, and girded on his sword: and when fully equipt for the field, and joined by his staff,—he hurried out to make his observations.

CHAPTER XXI.

There shall they rot..Ambition's honour'd fools!
Yes, Honour decks the turf that wraps their clay!
Vain Sophistry! in these behold the tools,
The broken tools, that tyrants cast away
By myriads, when they dare to pave their way
With human hearts..to what?..a dream alone.
Can despots compass ought that hails their sway?
Or call with truth one span of earth their own,
Save that wherein at last they crumble bone by bone?
Childe Harold.

Lord Wellington arranging his force in the most judicious manner, gave to each leader, his particular instructions.—The British army, required no vantage-ground; however, they were posted on some of the strongest situa-

tions, which the nature of the country, would allow.—The event, proved the superiority of generalship here.—The position of the right, was on Merki Braine: the left, commanded the road to Ohain, leading to a communication with the Prussians : the farm of *Hougoument*, was opposite the right centre ; and that of *La Haye Sante*, was in front of the left centre.

We now come to the terrible *finalè* of the drama, in which all Europe, had been engaged, for nearly thirty years.———Dreadful, as the preceding actions had been, they were but mere preludes to the horrors of this closing scene!! The French, had not succeeded in their object, which was to break the junction of the allies ; and Bulow's Corps had strengthened the Prussians. It continued to rain incessantly during the night, but about nine, in the morning, (the memorable 18th of June,) the severity of the weather began to abate. Napoleon immediately put his army in motion: the ground they took up, faced that of the British, at the distance of from one thousand two hundred, to one thousand three hundred yards. Napoleon him-

self, commanded in the centre, a little to the right, at *La Belle Alliance.* He saw, that victory, had as yet, eluded his grasp ; and indignant at this pause, in his conquering career, directed almost the whole of his force, against Lord Wellington. By numbers, he hoped to overpower the British army : and leading onward his exterminating divisions, brought down no less than one hundred and ten thousand men, to oppose seventy-five thousand allied troops. The entire French army, was consolidated, in order to display their formidable force, to the enemy ; and towards noon, the engagement commenced by an assault on *Hougoument.* Marshals Soult, and Ney led the attack. This position, was of the greatest importance to the British ; and during the night, Lord Wellington had strengthened it as much as possible. It was there, the Coldstream Guards, distinguished themselves, in a manner worthy of the *British name.* Nassau sharp-shooters, were planted in ambush, throughout the wood and garden : these men, defended the place gallantly ; but they were obliged to fall back : the

Coldstream, and the 3rd, with the utmost bravery, disputed the ground to the last : the enemy shrunk, before the *heroic* fierceness of these Britons ; and falling in wounded heaps, with fearful cries, proclaimed them masters of the field. The carnage here, was dreadful: fifteen hundred men were killed within this orchard, in the short space of twenty-five minutes!! The assailants fought desperately: they surrounded the house, and throwing in rockets, set it on fire ; then, setting up a war-shout, as if of victory ; with flaming torches in their hands, met the allied troops, as they rushed from the blazing ruins. This walled mansion, was nearly burned to the ground. But, the English troops, drove back the enemy ; and being reinforced, compelled them to desist from the attack. Great efforts were made throughout the day, by the French, to carry this important position : more than two hundred pieces of cannon, kept up a heavy fire upon the British line, while cavalry, and infantry, attacked them together ; and such were the overpowering numbers, nothing less than the skill, and presence of mind, of the brave

Wellington himself, who animated his soldiers, by being in front of the place of the greatest danger,—turned the tide of battle.

This was the tremendous conflict in which Sir Thomas Picton fell. The Duke was actually near him, posting his troops in this part of the field: at that moment. In the same attack, which deprived the service of Sir Thomas Picton, the gallant Sir William Ponsonby received his death-wound, from the spears of a party of Polish lancers. The General, was badly mounted; and had got into a heavy ploughed field, through which his horse was unable to carry him: perceiving the enemy approach, he was in the act of delivering his Lady's picture, to the *aid-de-camp*, who accompanied him; and who he hoped would be able to escape: but, these barbarians, surrounded them, and instantly sacrificed both to the fury of the moment!—Thus fell the brightest ornament of the noble house of Besborough, who like his kinsman and predecessor, at Dettingen—suffered his zeal, for his king, and country, to urge him beyond the

bounds of military prudence.*—However, the Polish lancers, paid dearly for their brutality, before the day was over: Ponsonby's valiant brigade surrounded these men, who slew their leader; and they were, every individual, cut to pieces!!—In this charge, were taken two of those imperial eagles, which were distributed to the French army, at the "*Champ de Mai.*" The battle continued to rage most furiously, on both sides: the French, fought with desperation; but something more than mortal, seemed to oppose them! It was, as if an armed host, had descended from heaven, to fight

* One of this gentleman's family, a General officer, fell at the battle of *Dettingen*,—during the dreadful conflict between the British cavalry, and the *Gens des armes*.

The day after the battle of *Dettingen*, when Lord Leganier's dragoons, were watering their horses, at a river called the *Maine* —some French soldiers, at the other side, inquired, "what had become of their *hot-headed* General?" meaning the above-mentioned officer, the *predecessor of Sir William Ponsonby*. —The English soldiers, aptly replied, that "he was gone to the other world, to review the *Gens des armes*."

We relate this, on the authority of an old officer, who was present; and often repeated the anecdote.

for the allies!—The British chief himself, was seen every where, in the hottest of the action; cheering his men to victory, and to glory. His exertions were unparalleled: always foremost, in the most arduous struggles! he rallied his broken infantry,—formed squares, and headed them: in short, the talents of the intrepid Wellington, were now put to the proof!—and never did a commander answer the expectations of his country better. It is worthy of remark, that the *Irish*, (and there were many) on the field of Waterloo, fought and bled like heroes, on that glorious day.*—We need only refer, to *Waterloo subscription list*, where it appears, that the claims of the *Irish*, were much more in proportion than any other nation.

* The Irish character, has always been conspicuous for its bravery in every foreign country: and it has ever been remarked, that an *Irishman*, fights better any where, than at home; from what natural cause this proceeds, we know not,—but the fact has been proved on many occasions.

CHAPTER XXII.

Nay, then farewell !
I've touch'd the highest point of all my greatness ;
And from that full meridian of my glory
I haste now to my setting. I shall fall,
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more.

Shakspear.

Marshal Blucher, had promised to assist the Duke of Wellington, with his entire army; but from some causes of delay, which could not have been anticipated, evening had arrived,

before any reinforcement appeared; and even then, only a small part of Bulow's corps arrived at the place appointed. It had been previously concerted, that the corps of Borstel, and Bulow, should come by the route of *Saint Lambert;* and there take up a covered position, with the design of falling upon the enemy in the rear, on the first favourable opportunity, which might occur, during the engagement. This was now the moment looked for, and General Bulow, led his men forward, gallantly to the attack.

By the judicious suggestion of an individual, in the *habit of a peasant*, who acting as the *Prussian guide*, conducted them through the wood, to a particular point, which overlooked the French reserve, the success of Bulow, was considerably facilitated. Napoleon himself, when he ascertained, that these forces, who had possessed themselves of so advantageous a situation, were the Prussians, was electrified. He began to feel, as if the event of the battle, would be favourable to the allies: nor was the

person, by whose ingenuity, this extraordinary movement was managed, known to any of the Prussian army; yet, the singularity of his expression, "*Now we shall take them*," fixed itself in the mind, and memory of Bulow, who was heard to repeat it frequently after the battle.* This *person*, from what we have been able to collect, was the identical stranger, who promised to meet Napoleon again; which promise he kept, as will be shortly seen. The conflict now became desperate, and decisive. Napoleon at the head of his legions, according to his own account, stormed the heights of Mont St. Jean. This was a signal effort, to drive the British centre from its position: but it appears, that a hasty, and injudicious movement of the French, dispelled all his anticipations of success; and the attempt terminated fatally for him. The narrative states, that the

* The history of the war, particularly notices this circumstance. —The Germans themselves remarked, how considerably this peasant, furthered the views of the allies.

error was irremediable.* It is, however, but due to justice to observe, that Napoleon did all, which was in the power of courage, and conduct to do for victory ; and his exertions were ably seconded, both by his officers, and soldiers. The object that he was desirous to attain, was the overwhelming the allies, before the Prussian reinforcement could come up in sufficient strength, to give them any effectual assistance. Twice he galloped towards his men, with loud cries of "*Save France, or perish!*"

Repeated were the attacks he made with horse and foot, and the entire of his artillery.—He depended very much on the power of the sword and spear, and under cover of a tremendous fire, advanced his guards and reserves briskly up, and charged his cavalry, upon our centre. This, he was well aware, was the vital

* It is to be observed, that Napoleon continually charged his want of success, upon some failure in the execution of his plans; —at Leipsic the bridge was not blown up at the proper time, &c.

part of the British lines. Our men were mown down in numbers, our ranks were thrown into disorder, and our field pieces in advance were seized. This was the critical juncture, when the Duke of Wellington rushed forward, with the resolution of never returning without victory!—Each battalion was instantly formed in solid squares, and the British leader, throwing himself into one of them, while his men were fiercely engaged in a charge, shewed that he was determined to share their fate, whatever it might be. The conflict was so furious, that it became rather a slaughter than a battle. Hosts appeared to fall upon either side, and for an hour the dreadful work of death continued without intermission.—The fact is, all firing had ceased, and the French cavalry were absolutely riding about among our squares of infantry, which firmly maintained their ground. It is, indeed, generally acknowledged that, that great and important *manœuvre*, was the means of saving Europe!—The French cavalry completely panic-struck, were driven in confusion off the field! After this Wellington himself,

addressed a few words of congratulation, and encouragement to his brave soldiers, which were hailed and answered by loud acclamations. The whole front of the centre, continued incessantly engaged, 'till seven in the evening, when Napoleon putting all to the hazard of a single decisive blow, made a final and desperate attempt to force the left of the British centre ; but in doing this, he deceived both his Generals and his army. Labedoyere, who was since shot by the sentence of a Court Martial, was despatched by Napoleon to Marshal Ney, with orders to the above effect ; and in order to encourage him the more, informed him that Grouchy was come up, and was vigorously attacking the enemy, with the most perfect success. This delusion he spread among his lines, as he rode past them ; which very naturally raised the spirits of the soldiers. Ney made the attack, but discovered too late, that the intelligence respecting Marshal Grouchy, was only a *feint*, for the purpose of raising the courage of the men : he was now almost entirely abandoned by hope, nevertheless he per-

formed the part of a brave soldier, and a prudent General. He led on the first division, and when his horse was killed under him, so far from shrinking, he met the combat *sword in hand* on foot, and was one of the very last, to quit the field of battle.* This was called "the conflict *of the middle guard.*" Lobau was on the right with the young guard. During

* Notwithstanding the errors of Ney, we are of opinion, that Wellington would have acted a nobler part than he did, had he interfered to save the life of the unfortunate Marshal—for though he was a traitor, he was nevertheless a brave man, and had done essential service to his country, on many occasions. At all events, had the Duke of Wellington, saved Ney, he would have added another feather to his plume. In the case of *La Valette*, Sir Robert Wilson acted with the dignity of a soldier, and a Briton. This should ever be the case, when there is any opportunity for it:—The truly generous man, will never triumph over a fallen enemy.

When the Duc d'Angouleme, had been detained by Grouchy, *Napoleon* not only spared the life which he might have taken, but gave directions, that the Duke should be *protected from all bad treatment*, and safely embarked at Cette.

We refer the reader to Napoleon's orders to General Grouchy, Volume I. page 260, and 261.

this interval of indecision, on which the *fate of Europe depended*, Napoleon received a visit at *Belle Alliance*, where he had taken up his position. It was from the very sprite who had addressed him at the "*Champ de Mai*," and announced to him the oracular meeting at the field of Waterloo. But, now he delayed not a moment, and with the rapidity of thought, having pronounced the following *ominous* and mysterious intimation, he departed.

Mark ! the fatal die is cast !
All thy summer days are past.
Clouds obscure thy setting sun,
Thy mystic course is nearly run ;—
Death, and exile, now await,
The instrument of awful fate,
Adieu ! thou wonder of a world !
The banner of thy glory's furled !

Struck, as if with a PARALYSIS, the *Arbiter of*

nations, was utterly incapable of giving orders! and this was the moment in which they were most necessary.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"Fix not your empire
Upon the tomb of him, will shake all Ægypt:
Whose warlike groans will raise ten thousand spirits,
Great as himself, in every hand a thunder.
Destructions darting from their looks."

The False One. Act. 2d, S. 1st.

When the middle guard were routed, the cry of dismay which issued from the flying troops, as they threw themselves among the reserve of the old guard, at the bottom of the hill, up

which Napoleon's last charge had been made, spread a universal and complete panic even through the ranks of those tried, and valiant veterans. The whole army was infected! the utmost disorder ensued! and such horror and confusion were excited, at beholding the fate of the guard, that it was utterly impossible to rally the troops! At the same moment, the enemy charging round the ascent, attacked them in flank. Lord Wellington now accomplished, what a moment of panic had begun. He quickly brought up the whole of his force, and putting himself at the head of a brigade of foot guards, pushed on at all points, and secured at once, the most glorious, important, and decisive victory, recorded in the annals of the world. "God save the king," was immediately struck up, by all the bands!! The veteran General Blucher, had faithfully kept his promise with Lord Wellington. He received information of Grouchy's real movement, which was upon *Wavre*: however, the experienced General, was not ignorant of the place where the fortune of the war must be finally

decided; and accordingly, he steadily pursued his march to the field of *Waterloo*. The reinforcements of Borstel, and Bulow, had also successively arrived, about half-past seven o'clock, just in time to witness the total defeat of the French. The Prussians, instantly charged after the flying fugitives; and as they passed the British lines, they received three cheers, from the intrepid conquerors.

Meanwhile, in the moment of enthusiasm, the Marquis of Anglesea, at the head of a chosen body of men, rushed forward with the intention of reaching Napoleon's station. In the astonishing confusion, he had nearly come up to the spot; but his prize had disappeared already! Scared by the denunciations of the *mysterious being*, who had thus predicted his fate, Napoleon was no where to be found! and it is affirmed, by his enemies, that he was one of the first to fly. Thus ended the greatest engagement, recorded in the history of nations. The several commanders of the allied army, met as if by appointment, at *Belle Alliance;*

and congratulated each other, on the salvation of Europe.

According to a promise, which Blucher had made to the Duke of Wellington, he persisted in the pursuit of the French fugitives, during the entire of the night. This pursuit, is most ludicrously described, in the journals of the day: it was said, that "the French ran away by the light of the moon." "Those of the enemy who were foremost in the flight, and had not expected to be so promptly pursued, attempted to repose for a time,—presently the Prussians were upon them; and in this manner, they were driven from more than nine *bivouacs*. In some villages they seemed to recover courage, when beholding only their own numbers; and made a shew of rallying, and maintaining themselves: but no sooner did they hear the Prussian drums, or the sound of the Prussian trumpet, the blast of which sounded as dreadful in their ears, as if it summoned them to the last judgment; than their panic returned, and they renewed their flight, or ran into houses, where they were cut down, or made prisoners. Eight

hundred of their bodies were found lying in a single spot, where they had suffered themselves to be cut down, and butchered like so many cattle. General Duhesme, who commanded the rear-guard, fell there among the rest.—A black hussar, of the Duke of Brunswick's corps, sacrificed him to his master's memory. "The Duke fell yesterday!" said the Brunswicker, "and thou also shalt bite the dust;" and so saying, he cut him down.

Napoleon and his staff, secured their safety by flight; under the direction of a Walloon peasant, who conducted them to *Genappe*. Here, they saw the necessity of abandoning their baggage, &c.* And Napoleon himself, was the first who brought to Paris, an account

* "Buonaparte's carriage, with his hat, and sword, and papers, with the insignia of all his orders, were found at *Genappe*. His travelling library, also was taken, consisting of nearly eight hundred volumes; among these books were a French Homer, a French Ossian, the *Bible*, and the Pucelle of Voltaire.—The spoils which were lying along the road, tempted the Prussians, and abated their speed; otherwise, it is said, that scarcely a man of the beaten army could have escaped; as it was, the pursuit

of the total defeat of his troops.—On his arrival at Paris, Napoleon once again endeavoured to raise the means of resisting the allies.—However, finding all in vain, he bade adieu to his hopes of universal empire, and fled to the south. †

was not over during the night. The loss of the enemy was great, even beyond that at *Leipsic* ; they stopped not in their flight, 'till they had passed all the fortresses ; the allied armies passed them also ; and when Buonaparte, after having excited the French army to rebellion, and led them for the third time to destruction, reached the capital, he brought with him tidings of his total and irreparable defeat, and that Blucher and Wellington, were on the way to Paris."

The History of the War.

† ANECDOTE OF NAPOLEON. After the battle of Waterloo, so fatal to the cause of France, Buonaparte returned to *St. Cloud,* a favourite residence of his near Paris; where he remained for two days in seclusion, without having communication with any one, except his domestics. On the third day, he rode on horseback, accompanied by a single servant, to Paris; and on his entering the *Tuilleries,* he sent for a Mr. Callaghan, a banker in Paris, (a Gentleman of Irish extraction) who was the head of his finance committee; and on Mr. Callaghan coming into the presence of the Emperor, the following dialogue took place :

Buonaparte.—" Callaghan, this battle has been an unfortunate piece of business, but I have been betrayed by those in whom I

On the 3rd of July, Napoleon resided at the house of the Préfect, of the municipality of Rochefort; and by that time, finding that all his hopes, of retrieving his desperate fortunes, were at an end, after having spent a day or two, in vain speculations,—he sent a flag of truce, to the British commander of the Bellerophon, which was unfavourably received. He now determined to throw himself on the protection of the English, and proffered the most advantageous terms which he could devise under his circumstances,—which were again rejected.—

trusted; however, it is yet in my power to save our darling France.—How are the finances of the country ?"

Callaghan.—" Please your Majesty, money can be had ?"—" Then," said Napoleon, " let me have money and men, and I will save our country." Callaghan replied, " Your Majesty knows, that nothing can be done, without first calling *the House of Representatives* together." " True," said Napoleon, and he had the House assembled that day by *two o'clock*, when he entered the *Chambers*, dressed as he was coming from St. Cloud, and without ascending the throne, told the members, " if they would vote him *so much* money, and so many men, he would still save their country." But the members of the *House* received the proposal with *sang froid*. He left Paris that very day, for the coast.

At last, he resolved to make the best of his situation, and accordingly went on board the Bellerophon, the commander of which immediately set sail for England, where he arrived on the 24th of July. Here he was not permitted to land, but agreeable to the arrangements made by the British ministry, he was ordered to be sent forward to St. Helena; which resolution was forthwith carried into execution, by sending him on board the Northumberland, which soon after weighed anchor, and conveyed him in safety to the place of his destination.—Here he remained, to fulfil the further designs of Providence; which in its own good time, has shewn to the world, that Napoleon was only an instrument raised up, and appointed for purposes of a peculiar nature.

We shall return to the subject again, after we have disposed of some of the inferior characters in our story.

For further particulars we refer the reader to the Addenda.

CHAPTER XXIV.

O Thou Goddess,
Thou divine Nature! how thyself thou blazon'st.
.. ..
.. ..
'Tis wonderful
That an invisible instinct should frame them
To royalty unlearned, honour untaught,
Civility not seen from others; valour,
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop,
As if it had been sow'd.

Shakspear.

In some short time, subsequent to the restoration of *Louis XVIII;* a *person* made his appearance at *Rouen*, and announced himself as *Louis XVII:* asserting that he was the IDEN-

TICAL DAUPHIN, who had been generally supposed dead, for many years. He had it appears friends, and money had been furnished and procured for him, by means which no person had been able to discover, except himself, and those immediately concerned. The story which he told, and altogether the account he gave of himself, carried great appearance of feasibility.

He stated " his having been taken away from his surviving parent, and bound apprentice to a shoemaker, named *Bruneau;* who constantly gave him brandy to drink, for the purpose, as he believed of killing him : however the only effects which it produced, were intoxication and sickness of stomach ; which last terminating in a severe illness, defeated the object of the democratic administration : and perhaps, contributed to establish his constitution, impaired as it was by confinement and naturally delicate, or at least rendered so, from excessive indulgence." That, " the surgeon who attended him, had also been employed to poison him; but being unwilling to perpetrate so horrible a crime, he agreed with *Bruneau* for the purchase

of his life; and having paid down a sum of money, contrived to substitute the dead body of another boy, which was exhibited as that of the deceased Dauphin: * while he, *the real one;* retired with the shoemaker to *the south of France.* But after some time, in consequence of ill treatment, was induced to elope from his master."† That, "during this period he happened to attract the attention of the *Countess de* ————, who had been much attached to the Bourbon family: and from the resemblance which he bore to the *deceased king*, she was incited to take upon herself, the care of his education; and do every thing for

* The following paragraph appeared in the Public Papers of the day:—"It has been well ascertained, that the person alleged to have been poisoned, was not the Dauphin.—The Surgeon who inspected the body of the child given out as the Dauphin, asserted that it was not; and for so doing, he was found poisoned himself in his bed the next morning."

† At the time this boy became a fugitive he was only *nine* years of age,—so that it is rather preposterous to imagine, that at so early a stage of life, he was capable of those deceptions, laid to his charge.

him which might be deemed expedient, or which his destitute situation demanded. Under her protection, he continued four years, during which time, he acquired a pretty general, though superficial knowledge of languages and science; which he had every disposition to improve: but unfortunately, some ill-disposed persons, insinuating to the Countess, that her *protegé* was an impostor, she withdrew the protection which she had for so long a time granted him; and he once more became a fugitive!"

That "he then enlisted as a drummer, in a regiment of foot: but was shortly after discharged.* It is known, that he made a strong party, some of whom were suspected to have been crowned heads;† and many both in

* While serving as a drummer, it has been mentioned, that the drum-major gave this boy a blow, on which he impatiently exclaimed, "*O what an indignity for a Bourbon!*"—The circumstance reached the ear of the commanding officer, and this young person was discharged from the regiment.

† On his examination, the *reputed Dauphin* stated, "that he married the daughter of a wealthy Lord:—that he was a Cap-

France and England, are still inclined to give credit to his assertions. At all events, he persevered in his declarations, till the Government thought it necessary to take notice of him! and the consequence was, that he was arrested, and immediately imprisoned. These facts, appear in the records of the day ; and have been the subject of much conjecture.‡

tain of Engineers, under Colonel Williams, in the United States: nay more, *a Colonel* in Spanish America. That he had been robbed of a ring in prison, containing two valuable diamonds, which diamonds came," he said, " from a Regent—and that they were a present to him, from the Princess Charlotte of Brazil."—A seal was found on his person, with the inscription—" *Louis XVII. King of the French.*"

‡ A Paris Journal of November 2d, 1817, published the following detail respecting the *person* assuming the title of *Dauphin*, who was then in prison, at *Rouen* :—" He is a young " man of about four or five and thirty, handsome deportment, " and well informed. He has now been a prisoner two years, " during which period, he has been sent before two Courts for " trial, as an *impostor ;* and both these Courts declared themselves incompetent to take cognizance of his crime.—Before " one of these Courts, he was desired by the President to unfold " himself. The Dauphin, haughtily replied, " *Depuis quand " est ce qu' un monargue re découvre devant ces sujets.*"

With respect to the pretensions of this claimant, we have only to say, authorised as we are by the history of the times, as well as our own recollection; that circumstances appeared strongly in his favour. First, we know, that the *Dauphin* was put apprentice to a shoemaker! His death was reported to have taken place soon afterwards. The shoemaker then left Paris: after a lapse of twenty-five years, and that France had been several times revolutionized; we find a claimant coming forward, to assert his legitimate and hereditary right to the throne of France;—not so much from any view to destroy the constitutional election of Buonaparte, as to claim those rights which he deemed in the possession of another. Secondly, he gives an account of the manner in which his time was employed in the interval, together with a history of many circumstances which we had been already in possession of, and some new ones with which the public had not been previously acquainted.

Thirdly, he gives proofs seemingly plausible enough; and challenges an interview with his sister, as he called the *Duchesse d' Angouléme.**

* Extract from a French Southern Journal, dated 28th of November, 1817.—

THE DAUPHIN.

"He declares he can prove himself *bona fide*, to be what he assumes; and demands to be taken to the "*Tuil-*"*leries*, and when there, he will point out places where, when "young, he concealed several things, which he will there name, "and describe most minutely; and, says he, "*quand la Reine,* "*ma mere, etoit en prison au Temple,*" she with a sharp in-"strument made a curious mark on the back of his neck, (which "he shows,) and with the same instrument, she at the same "time, made a similar one upon that of the *Duchesse* his sister; "further, that when young, and playing with his sister, he ac-"cidentally stabbed her in the body with a knife, the mark of "which remained; and he will if confronted with her, describe "the very spot where it is."

From the English Papers, December 10th 1817.

Extract of a Letter from Paris.

PRETENDER IN FRANCE.

"It appears, that the pretended or real Dauphin, which ever "he may be, has excited no small degree of interest even in the "court of Louis the XVIII. And indeed, there seems to be a "greater field for conjecture, than was at first imagined. His

Fourthly, he was tried before the *Tribunal of Rouen;* and on that memorable trial† it ap-

" age, his appearance, and above all his princely *hauteur*, favour
" the imposture, if imposture it be.— The grand proof of his legi-
" timacy, rests upon the request he made, some time since, to
" have an interview with his sister; asserting that he would com-
" municate a circumstance known only to herself, which would
" at once convince her that he is her brother!—Why not bring
" him to the test?—And indeed, we are of opinion, that the ob-
" jections urged by SOME of the French Papers, against the young
" man, are of the most flimsy nature:—namely, his ignorance,
" his vulgarity of manners, &c. —Manners indeed! what sort of
" manners are we to suppose a youth to possess, who at seven
" or eight years old, is thrown amongst the lowest orders of so-
" ciety, brought up in the school of the Revolution, and who has
" never had any opportunity of benefitting by education, or inter-
" course with the world?—At all events, he should have a fair
" and immediate trial.—If he is an impostor, let him be punished
" as such:—but on the contrary, if he should turn out to be the
" real person, why withhold *les droits des Bourbons*?—We have
" not yet forgotten the story of the *Iron Mask*: nor should it
" seem strange, if even after such a proof as the fugitive offers,
" Madame *la Duchesse d'Angoulême* with her views and hopes,
" should refuse to recognize such a claimant to the crown of
" France, as a brother."

* It will be seen by the trial which took place at the *Tribunal of Rouen*, in February of 1818, (which may be called with

pears, that the wife of *the identical* shoemaker, to whom the *Dauphin* had been apprenticed, swore that "HE WAS NOT HER SON!" although the husband had sworn the contrary!! It must be generally admitted, that in all cases of doubt on such subjects, the *woman* is the best authority: and indeed, from the conscientious manner in which, it is said, this woman gave her testimony, we are induced to form an

great propriety, a *mock one,)* that the Sabotier said to be his Father, being called into court, was asked "if that was his son?" He replied, "Yes."—The mother being called, and asked the same question, bursting into tears, said "No, that she could not *forswear* herself; and that *he was not her son.*"—The daughter corroborated her mother's testimony.—Indeed, so great was the absurdity on the face of the proceedings, that this *person* was, actually asserted to be the child of *thirty-six families!!* But to these allegations, his answer was, "*Good God! how could I be the Child of Thirty-six Families?*"—They however neglected to confront him, with any thing that could disprove his assertions.—Why not bring him before the *Duchesse d'Angoulême?* Why not pay some attention to the testimony of the shoemaker's wife, who swore that, *he was not her son?*—It appears, that there was a *contrariety* of evidence, throughout the entire proceedings,—and when we consider the facility with which witnesses can be procured by any Government, we cannot fail of being surprised, that the weight of evidence, was not more against the prisoner. His impetuosity of

opinion, rather in favour of the claims of the prisoner. Even although the contrary, was maintained by thousands who felt an interest in the invalidation of them.

Farther, it appears, that he had been recognized by Napoleon, who at the time considered himself so secure, that he had no apprehension whatsoever, from any branch of the Bourbon family; and it is known, that he allowed this

temper when called *Bruneau,* (the name of the shoemaker,) was sufficient of itself to authorise a very strong presumption in his favour, as those ebullitions evinced somewhat of the family spirit of the Bourbons.—When the President speaking to evidence, said "*Bruneau* you have been a soldier,—you have served."—He replied, "Yes, *and if you will come out with me,* I shall prove it to you." His having been in America, was proved on the trial; and there was no evidence against either his marriage, or the *rank* he held in the Army.—All this tends rather to support, than set aside his pretensions.

That the *Dauphin* did not die, at the period which was generally believed, is now well ascertained; and many public documents exist, which prove the contrary: so that whether the *Person* who announced himself as *Charles of Navarre* was, or was not *the identical Dauphin,* is no way affected by the proof of that person's death; for no one in existence can prove, that the *Dauphin* is not yet alive.

unfortunate Prince a pension ! * Keeping him in reserve, as it were, to render futile,

* In this instance Napoleon acted nobly.—Could this be the conduct of a man who is accused of having poisoned his own soldiers at Jaffa ! !†

† Many writers have depicted the character of Napoleon in the blackest colours. The feelings evinced towards him by the people of France, on his return from Elba, would be quite sufficient to refute every calumny, that was raised against him ; and we are fully persuaded, that the reader will be gratified by perusing the following well authenticated account of a visit which he paid, during the period which intervened from the time of his escape, until his final and complete overthrow, to one of the many charitable establishments which he had reared throughout France.

" Although occupied with so many weighty affairs, the Emperor Napoleon, nevertheless, did not neglect minor objects, visiting the various public works, which upon his re-entrance into Paris after the return from Elba, were put into a state of activity. On presenting himself at the establishment, which he had formerly set on foot for the reception of the female offspring of officers killed in the service, a most affecting scene took place. The asylum in question, is near Saint Denis, at the *Château* of Saint Ecouen, formerly a seat of the celebrated family of Montmorency.

" No sooner was it known that Napoleon had arrived to honour the institution with his presence, than all the young ladies, *en masse*, rushed forward to testify their gratitude to their munificent benefactor ; it was in vain that the persons placed as their guardians, and for the purpose of superintending their education,

any claims which might be brought forward by the brothers of *Louis XVI!* And that the claimant, had good reason to believe himself legitimate, appears from the *hauteur* of his manner, since he must have been aware, that the forfeit of his life,

had recourse to threats and entreaties in order to restrain this natural flow of affection; neither coercive, nor soothing measures were productive of the desired effect; they were, therefore, abandoned to the unrestrained demonstration of their exuberant feelings; which were carried to such a height, that the Emperor, oppressed by the sentiment, burst into tears. Finding himself relieved, he mingled with the youthful crowd, embracing some, and presenting to others his hand to be kissed. Thus emboldened by his condescending familiarity, his young *protegées* began by rifling him of his pocket handkerchief, which was immediately torn into ribbands, and then subdivided, to be delivered in pieces to the craving applicants; not contented with this, the skirt of his coat was also put into a state of requisition; for while occupied in caressing those in front, a phalanx in the rear, literally curtailed, with a pair of sheers, several inches from the bottom of his grey surtout; to all which he submitted with heartfelt delight. On retiring to regain his carriage, (being unable to suppress them) tears again found vent, when placing his hand to his eyes, he was heard to articulate these words:—"*Voici le comble de bonheur—ceuxci sont les plus beaux momens de ma vie!*" "This is the acmé of bliss—these are the happiest moments of my life."

would in all probability, be the consequence of a falsehood!

The vulgarity of his taste, and habits, has been urged against him! Now even supposing this had been the fact, could his habits have been more homely, than those of his own father? If *Louis XVI* was this father!! we know, that the manners of his French Majesty, were not by any means, as dignified as might have been expected; and that his taste led him to pursue the occupation of a *locksmith*, as an amusement! But we deny, that the person who claimed birth from him, was vulgar. Nay, it appears, that he possessed no small portion of the spirit which has been attributed to *Maria Antoinette!!**

* See note, page 148, mentioning his refusal to uncover his head before his judges, viz.

"Depuis quand est ce qu' un monargue re découvre devant ces sujets."

CHAPTER XXV.

Daughter of Jove, relentless power,
Thou tamer of the human breast
Whose iron scourge and tort'ring hour
The bad affright, afflict the best,
Bound in thy adamantine chain,
The proud are taught to taste of pain.

Gray's Ode to Adversity.

Interesting through life as the great subject of our contemplation has been, he is doubly so at the calamitous period of his eventful history, when his power, and his rank, and his liberty,

and independence, were all torn from him at a single stroke of fortune; when his high-crested eagle was prostrated to the dust, when his laurelled head was bowed down to captivity, and his sceptre broken, and his honours laid low; this is the crisis when he becomes an object of additional wonder, if indeed, that were possible; this fall alone was wanting to render him the most illustrious, and extraordinary example of the extravagant capriciousness of fortune, that the world ever witnessed. Providence has been vindicated in his adversity. He was the agent of Fate, who fell when circumstances rendered his exaltation no longer necessary.

How truly applicable to Napoleon, is the language of our immortal Poet—

"Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness;
This is the state of man; to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hopes, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him;

The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening, nips his root;
And then he falls as I do; I have ventur'd
Like little wanton boys, that swim on bladders,
These many summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth; my high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me,"—
* * * * * * * * * * * * *

The Indian, on his bed of coals, need not have envied him his feelings at this disastrous reverse of Fortune. He sunk almost in the same ratio in which he had risen,—the Emperor of the French, the King-maker, the first consul, the man who had singly and so long opposed a coalition the most civilized martial and powerful in the world, who had awe-struck Sovereigns, who had trodden on the necks of potentates, became at once a prisoner, an exile withering out the last remnant of his existence on an inhospitable sea-girt pestilential rock, far from the theatre of his glory, leaving after

him a striking and humiliating lesson to human vanity; let one of our sweetest bards say, what it must all come to.—

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour,—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

It may not be unuseful to reflect on the end of a few of the greatest men, the world ever gave birth to. Hannibal killed himself, Cæsar was assassinated, Pompey was murdered in the place he had sought as an asylum, a violent death terminated the illustrious career of Alcibiades, the warlike Jugurtha ended his proud life starving in a dungeon, Alexander died from the effects of a debauch. Such was the fate of men whose names have come through the shades of time to posterity, covered with military glory!

Nor is modern history barren of such examples, but it would be unnecessary to point them

out.* Human nature is the same in all ages, at no period can it claim a dispensation from the evils incident to it ; the triumph of human glory is the titillation of a poisoned feather, how frequently have those who were highest on its rolls, become objects of pity, or derision to that world which at one time beheld them with envy, and admiration ! But it is not now for the first time, that this lesson might be learned ; had Napoleon never existed, there are those on the records of memory, who might have taught it to us,—departed heroes, what morals have you left! The traveller may look on the Pharohs' monuments in the wilderness, and while he admires the work of other days, he must pity and despise the fatuity of those who could wish to transmit their name to posterity through so vain, and so useless a medium,—so it is with human glory !

* There is not a character in history whose fate should excite more lively sympathy in a generous mind, than the gallant, the generous Marquis of Montrose who perished on the scaffold in the troubled times of the English Commonwealth, a sacrifice to his loyalty, his religion, and his patriotism.

Fate laughs equally at the end and the object, the narrow house is inaccessible to the voice of fame, the ears of the dead will never tingle with applause, posthumous renown will never reach the cold and silent sepulchre!

The fall of Napoleon obtrudes those reflections on the mind, nor will they in a work of this nature be deemed impertinent. History is man's faithful mirror, it presents us with human reason on its weak and short-sighted speculations struggling with the decrees and irresistible fiats of Divine Providence, and shews us the event, consequently the most instructive morals are to be drawn from it. As in the physical world, philosophy ever makes the most unerring calculations from a close observation of nature, so in the moral one where the human character is fully developed and the springs of action are nicely examined, the conclusions arising from such contemplation, are natural and correct, the moral reflections necessarily produced by it salutary and instructive. The views which we are given by history, of our moral constitution, are what

render the study of it pre-eminently useful, independent of the great and interesting acquisition to our stock of information, which it affords us. "The proper study of mankind is man;" and where is that study to be prosecuted if not in history? We there see his whole soul ardently employed in what we so often consider the most important of all pursuits—struggling to be greatest among the little, the passions are fearfully excited, and the coarsest outlines of the heart, become magnified by the microscopic mean through which we see them. Thus we are enabled, (would we but profit by the lesson!) to form the truest estimate of the vanities of life, the frothy nothingnesses on its troubled stream we behold bursting successively before us. Every thing mundane is appreciated by the way in which we see it,—the richest jewel, in the richest diadem, has been valueless unprized water; and it is now of no more worth in the eyes of Him who made it, than it was then; but men have agreed to set a value on it when appearing in a certain form; and the case is the same with all the gems

which we so fondly seek after! However, we shall not lose sight of Napoleon at the period of his falling into the hands of the English; his sun declines in the political horizon, but it is an object of no small interest in its setting. It were to be wished he had died on the field where his power was broken, and his cause was ruined; had the "*tout est perdu!*" been the last words which issued from his lips, his death had been worthy of his life: he had died as well as lived Napoleon Buonaparte, Emperor of the French. But his case is that of two of the greatest heroes of antiquity,—the vanquished at Zama and Pharsalia! As to the conduct of the English nation, with respect to him when in their power, it has been the subject of many, and very different opinions,

"Culpatur ab his, laudatur ab illis!"

However, few will be hardy enough to excuse the rigour and inhumanity, with which he was treated at St. Helena; but still whatever speculations his fate may have given rise to, there is but little doubt, that he would have been to the full as hardly dealt with by any other of

his enemies, into whose hands he might chance to have fallen. It is perhaps, a little difficult to decide, whether British *honour* has lost any thing by Napoleon's detention, but most certainly British *generosity* has suffered by it. True it is, that he was a most formidable and dangerous enemy, and consequently his safe keeping when conquered, was unquestionably necessary to the well being of Great Britain ; nor was his parole to be trusted ; however it would have been very easy to have disabled him from doing any harm, without ever sending him out of England, by a free and at the same time perfectly safe confinement ; and assuredly there is little reason to doubt his having expected a more generous reception, from the proverbial generosity of the English character, of which such men as Sir H ——— L ———, are a bad specimen. " Misfortune claims the sacred right of purifying her victims from their offences ;" says Marmontel, but with the dethroned, conquered, incarcerated Napoleon, she seemed only to give the little-minded and the sordid, a license for insulting him with

impunity !* This great man going on board the Bellerophon, strongly reminds us of the fallen Roman, seeking an asylum on the shores of Ægypt ; their fates were as similar as the genius of the two countries would admit !

* * * * * *

We shall for the present discontinue our more private narrative, for the purpose of following the forlorn Napoleon in this last voluntary step of his public life, and this shall be done as briefly as possible. We shall also beg leave to adhere to the authentic account, as it was made public at the time, condensing the detail for the sake of brevity as much as the subject will permit. It cannot be expected that the manner in which he spent the

* If Napoleon had been simply " *a General,*" as he was uniformly styled by his turnkey, how did it happen that Government were obliged to be at such a vast expence annually for the purpose of guarding him alone ? how did it happen that the opposing this same *General Buonaparte,* cost so much British blood and so much Britith treasure, at the time when Europe were confederated against him ! ! Captain Buonaparte would not have been more ridiculous.

last wretched period of his career, should be given here, as the public have been so fully and so recently put in possession of it, and as it would exceed the design and limits of our work.

CHAPTER XXVI.

" Fallen! fallen ! fallen!
Fall'n, from his high estate."

Dryden.

"From the 3rd to the 10th of July, Napoleon resided at the house of the Préfect of Rochefort. He still cast " a longing lingering look," at the prize which he had lost, and in the struggle between ambition and a regard for his own security, neglected the opportunity of flight.

In a paroxism of momentary despair, he took possession of the isle of Aix, reviewed his men, began to repair the works, and was convinced the next morning of his folly.

"Every chance of escape was now cut off, and he had recourse to the singular expedient of sending a flag of truce to the British commander of the Bellerophon, requesting permission to pass, and giving his word of honour, that he would proceed to America. To this, an unqualified denial was returned, and Captain Maitland added, that he would attack the French squadron, the moment he left the harbour. Buonaparte now resolved to make a virtue of a necessity, and throw himself on the generosity of the British nation. Two of his officers were despatched to Captain Maitland, proposing his surrender, on condition that his person and property should be sacred, and that on his arrival in England, he should be permitted to retire wherever he preferred. The Captain answered, that he had no authority to grant him terms, and that all he could do would be to convey him and his suite to England. This reply was

far from pleasing Napoleon, but his situation was desperate, and he at last embarked with his suite, on board a flag of truce, and proceeded to the Bellerophon. He ascended the quarter-deck, advanced to Captain Maitland, and with much dignity of manner, thus addressed him: "I am come to claim the protection of your Prince and of your laws."—The Captain received him with all the respect due to his former rank. The Bellerophon immediately weighed anchor, and sailed for England, but did not arrive at Torbay, till the 24th of July, when the following letter was transmitted to the Prince Regent."—

"Royal Highness,

"Exposed to the factions which divide my country, and to the enmity of the great powers of Europe, I have terminated my political career; and I come like Themistocles, to throw myself upon the hospitality of the British Nation. I place myself under the safe guard of their laws, and claim the protection of your Royal Highness, the most power-

ful, the most constant, the most generous of my enemies."

"*NAPOLEON.*"

When government had determined that the Island of St. Helena, should be the place of his exile, Sir Henry Bunbury, accompanied by the Honourable Mr. Bathurst, was charged with the communication to Buonaparte. On the 16th they were accordingly conveyed on board the Bellerophon, by Lord Keith's Yacht. Sir Henry was introduced to Napoleon, and after mutual salutations, he read to him the resolution of the Cabinet, by which he was informed of his intended transportation to the Island of St. Helena, with four of his friends, to be chosen by himself, and twelve domestics. He received this intimation without any surprise, as he said he had been apprised of the determination; but he protested against it in the most emphatic manner; and in a speech of three quarters of an hour, delivered with great coolness, self-possession and ability, reasoned against the proceeding.—He recapitulated the

circumstances under which he had been forced, he said, by the breach of the treaty made with the Sovereigns of Europe, to quit the Island of Elba,—that he had exerted himself to prevent the renewal of hostilities,—but that, when they became unavoidable, and that the fortune of war decided against him, he yielded to the voice of his enemies, and as they had declared in the face of the world, that it was against him only, that they had taken up arms, he abdicated the Imperial crown of France in the full confidence, that the allies would be faithful to their solemn declaration, and leave his country to the settlement of their own affairs ; then unarmed, and with a view of seeking an asylum as a private individual in England, he had first sought to be received under the King's Allegiance, and under the protection of our laws, and had finally put himself into the British power. In this predicament, he felt himself entitled to protest against the measure now announced to him ; and in a long argument, in which he shewed himself to be well versed in English laws, he reasoned against the act. Sir Henry

answered to his discourse, that he had no commission but to make known to him the resolution of his Majesty's ministers ; but said, that he should faithfully report the reasons, that he had stated against the proceeding. Napoleon was aware that nothing could be said by Sir Henry, that would alter the minds of the ministers on that head, and did not hesitate at the moment to produce his protest against the proceedings of the British Government towards him, in which he endeavoured according to his usual manner, to make a virtue of necessity, by laying a stress on his *voluntary surrender !*

" I protest solemnly in the face of heaven, and of men, against the violation of my most sacred rights by the forcible disposal of my person and liberty. I came freely on board the Bellerophon, I was immediately entitled to the hospitality, (*Je fus sur le foyer*) of the British people. If the Government in giving orders to the Captain of the Bellerophon to receive me and my suite, intended merely to lay a snare for me, it has forfeited it's honour and sullied its flag. If this act be consummated it

will be in vain for the English to talk to Europe of their good faith, of their laws and of their liberty. British faith will be lost in the hospitality of the Bellerophon! I appeal therefore to history: it will say that an enemy who for twenty years made war on the English people, went freely in his misfortune to seek an asylum under it's laws. What more striking proof could he give of his esteem and of his confidence? But how did they answer it in England? They pretended to hold out an hospitable hand to this enemy; and when he surrendered himself to them in good faith, they sacrificed him."

(Signed)

"*NAPOLEON.*"

"On board the Bellerophon, at sea, the fourth of August, Eighteen hundred and Fifteen."

The Bellerophon was now about to sail from Torbay to meet the Northumberland, in which Buonaparte was to be conveyed to the Island of St. Helena, and he was introduced to Sir

George Cockburn, who treated him exactly as he would have done any one in the character and rank of a General. At first sight Sir George simply took off his hat, and said,

"How do you do, General Buonaparte?" Buonaparte however, was not prepared to answer this mode of address, and the reply was consequently slight, and laconic.

Immediately upon the departure of Sir Henry, Buonaparte threw out some invectives against what he called an outrage on the part of the British Government. It was then observed to him, that if he had not been ordered to St. Helena, he might very probably have been given up to the Russians. "God keep me from the Russians! said he, as he turned his eyes on Bertrand, and again began accusing the honour of the British in a more violent manner, than he had done formerly. He was then a second time, interrupted by another officer saying,

"If you had remained at Rochefort another hour, you would have been taken and sent off to Paris." Napoleon looked at the speaker with a frown of indignation, but spoke not a

word. The new term of General, however, almost roused him to madness,

" You have sent embassadors to me as to a sovereign potentate,—you have acknowledged me as first Consul. Is this the time chosen to insult me ?"

Sir George Cockburn, noticing his growing frenzy, thought it fit time to terminate a discourse, which threatened to lead to some unpleasant consequence, and suddenly bowing, took leave of him for the present.

It was now time for Napoleon, to bid adieu to those of his followers, who were not permitted to accompany him in his exile. The scene was truly affecting. The Count, and Countess Bertrand and children, the Count, and Countess Montholon, Count Las Casses, and General Gorgaud, nine men and three woman servants, were allowed to remain ; the rest were sent on board the Eurotas. The Surgeon was the only one who refused to go, and his place was immediately supplied by the Surgeon of the Bellerophon. The person apparently most concerned was a Polish Colonel, who had attended

Buonaparte in most of his Campaigns, and during these events, he had suffered seventeen wounds. This man on his knees begged that he might be permitted to accompany him, but it was impossible. The Polish officers in particular, were not to be of his party. At eleven on the following morning, Napoleon went on board the Northumberland. He again protested against his detention,—advancing to Sir George Cockburn, he said, "Admiral! I once more protest against the injustice of your country. You do not know my character. You should have placed confidence in my word of honour." An officer present, on whom Napoleon had just turned his eyes, said,—" shall I tell the plain truth to you?"

" Yes, certainly speak the truth."

" I must then tell you, that since your invasion of Spain, no Englishman could put trust even in your most solemn engagements."

" I was called to Spain by Charles IV, to assist him against his son."

" No,—according to my opinion, to place King Joseph on the throne."

"I had a grand political system. It was necessary to establish a counterpoise to your enormous power on sea; and besides the Bourbons had always entertained the same feeling, and adopted the same system."

"It must, however, be confessed, that France under your sceptre, was much more to be feared, than during the latter years of *Louis XIVth's*, reign. She was also aggrandized, &c.

"England on her part had become more powerful." Here he referred to our colonies, and particularly to our acquisitions in India.

"Many well-informed men are of opinion, that England loses more than she gains, by the possession of that overgrown, and remote empire."

"I wished to revive Spain, and do much of that which the Cortes attempted to do." He was then recalled to the main point, and reminded of the character of the transaction, by which he obtained possession of the Spanish crown.*

* This conversation is genuine and authentic, and cannot be

To this he made no answer, but again recurred to the subject of his detention, and after much discussion, concluded by saying,—"Well! I have been deceived in relying on your generosity. Replace me in the position from which you took me." Speaking of his invasion of France, he said with great vehemence —"I was then a sovereign. I had a right to make war. The King of France had not kept his promises." He afterwards said, exultingly, laughing and shaking his head, "I made war on the King of France, with six hundred men, and beat him too." He said, that in confining him as we did, the English were "acting like a little aristocratic power, not like a great and free people." Of Mr. Fox, he said he knew him, and had seen him at the *Tuilleries*.—"He had not your prejudices." "Mr. Fox, General, was a zealous patriot, with regard to his own country; and besides a citizen of the world." "He sincererely wished for peace, and I wished

read without interest, from the circumstances under which it occurred.

for it also. His death prevented the conclusion of peace. The others were not sincere." He afterwards observed,—"I do not say that I have not for twenty years, endeavoured to ruin England;" and then, as if correcting himself for having inadvertently, said more than was prudent, "that is to say, to lower you—I wished you to be just,—at least, less unjust." He was asked his opinion of the British infantry. "Long wars make good soldiers: the cavalry of both nations are excellent, but your artillery have received much improvement from the French." Of Wellington he seemed to avoid giving an opinion. To a question concerning *Louis XVIII.* he replied, "he is a good sort of a man; too fond of the table, and pretty sayings. He is not calculated for the French. The *Duchesse de Angoulême* is the only *man* in the family. The French must have such a man as myself." He afterwards broke out into some invectives against the conduct of the allies, and called it perfidious, and treacherous.—He once more spoke of St. Helena, and expressed himself not only indignant, but surprised at being

sent there. "I would have given my word of honour to have remained quiet, and to have held no political correspondence in England. I would have pledged myself not to quit the place assigned me, but to live as a simple individual. "That seems to be next to impossible, for though you have had great reverses, you could never so far forget what you had been, as to feel and conduct yourself as a simple individual." "But why not let me remain in England upon my parole of honour?" "You forget how many French officers violated their parole of honour, though not only you did not express any indignation against them, but received them with particular distinction; Lefevre Desnouettes is an instance of this." Buonaparte made no reply, and the conversation ended. A few days were then taken up in preparing for the voyage, and on the 11th of August, the British vessels sailed with the persons in their charge for the Island of St. Helena, where they arrived on 10th October.

CHAPTER XXVII.

..... Who shall now tell you
How much I loved you ? who shall swear it to you,
And weep the tears I send ? who shall now bring you
Letters, rings, bracelets, lose his health in service ?
Shakspear.

It now devolves upon us to declare who this *person* was, who avowed himself to be the DAUPHIN OF FRANCE. He was the assumed *Count de Mauvaise*, and the acting agent of the *oracle of truth.*—He was the stranger who

addressed Napoleon at Antibes, after he had returned from Elba,—and again at the "*Champ de Mai.*"—He was the alarmist at Brussels, he was *the guide of the Russians at Waterloo.* He was *the figure in black*, observed by the French soldiers, on the heights during the actions! He was the visitor at *La belle Alliance*, who so much disconcerted Napoleon!

After the Emperor Napoleon's defeat and subsequent exile, we find this *personage*, as has been already mentioned, making his appearance in the *South*, and announcing himself at *Rouen*, as the *legitimate son of Louis XVI.*—It will be recollected, that he was here thrown into prison, tried, found guilty of—*nothing!* and a veil thrown over his fate, which remains yet to be withdrawn.—We pause here, and refer to the history of the day, respecting this unaccountable affair, leaving our readers to form such conclusion as they may think proper; but for our own part we cannot get rid of the idea, that this extraordinary man was, really and *bona fide*, * * * * * * *. It only remains for us to add, that on the return of

the *reputed Dauphin* to his prison—he found that his faithful Page was no more! The bursting of a blood vessel had occasioned his sudden death! The people of the prison had called in a Surgeon, who discovered to the inexpressible astonishment of all present, that the deceased Page had been a ——— *woman!* It is unnecessary to add, that the unfortunate prisoner recognized her to be, *Lady Charlotte!* We shall drop the story—it is too much for our feeble pen:—It is not impossible but that a future day will bring to light a sequel, which may astonish all Europe!!

* * * * * * * * * * * *

After the interment of the ill-fated Lady Charlotte, on looking over some papers, which were contained in her writing desk, the following letter was found addressed to her husband. She had written it in America, when in a delicate state of health.

LETTER.

My dearest and most amiable Friend.—I now write to you, from my sick chamber: and

perhaps, this will be the very last letter, you will ever receive from me. My lungs are so far affected, that it is almost impossible for me to recover, but by a change of air, and a warmer climate. I expect to leave this to-morrow, with my father, for the falls of Ohio. If I feel myself mend by the tour, we shall go on further; if not, we shall proceed to New Orleans, (provided my strength continues,) and from thence by the West Indies, to Rhode-Island.—My physicians, most of them, think the chance of recovery in my favour. However, I am neither elevated nor depressed, by the force of opinion, but shall meet my fate with fortitude. I cannot however, but indulge the hope, that I shall again embrace my dearest friend, in this world; and that we may glide smoothly down the tide of time, for a few years: and enjoy the happiness and satisfaction, of which we have so often tasted before. It is now, almost three years, since heaven connected us by the tenderest ties, and it is the same length of time, that our friendship has been increasing, by every rational and endearing motive: and I am truly

persuaded will follow us into an existence of never-ending felicity. But, my dearest friend, the gloomy moment will arrive, when we must part, and should it arrive during our present *separation*, my last, and my only reluctant thoughts, will be employed about my beloved

* * * * * * *

Life, my dearest friend, is but a bubble; it soon bursts, and is remitted to eternity. When we look back to the earliest recollection of our youthful hours, it seems but the last period of our rest, and we appear to emerge from a night of slumbers, to look forward to real existence. When we look forward, time appears as interminate as eternity, and we have no idea of its termination, but by the period of our dissolution. What particular connexion it bears to our future state, our general notion of religion cannot point out. We feel a something constantly active within us, that is evidently beyond the reach of mortality; but whether it be a part of ourselves, or an emanation from the great source of all existence; or re-absorbed when the body is destroyed by death, human wisdom is at a

loss to determine. Whether the demolition of the body, introduces only a change in the manner of our being, and leaves us to progress infinite—alternately elevated or depressed, according to the propriety of our conduct; or whether only we return into the common mass of unthinking matter, philosophy hesitates to determine. I think, therefore, our own opinions in this case, should stand, until they are fixed upon a more firm basis, than human wisdom.—I know, but of one source from whence can be derived happiness in a dying hour; and that is, the divine system contained in the *Gospel of Jesus Christ.*—There, life and immortality, are brought to light; there, we are taught, that our existence is to be eternal; and secure of an interest in the atoning mercies of a bleeding Saviour, that we shall be inconceivably happy.—A firm and unshaken faith, in this doctrine, must raise us above the doubts and fears, that hang upon every system; and enable us to view the king of terrors, and to behold him, as a kind indulgent friend, spending his shafts, only to carry us the sooner to our everlasting home.—

But, should there still be a more extensive religion beyond the vale, and without the reach of mortal observation ; the christian religion is by no means shaken thereby, as it is not opposed to any principle, that admits the perfect beneficence, and benevolence of the Deity.—My only doubt is, whether the punishments threatened in the New Testament, are annexed to a state of unbelief, which may be removed hereafter, and so a restitution take place ?—Or, whether the state of the mind at death, irretrievably fixes its doom for ever. I hope and pray, that the Divine Spirit, will give me such assurance of acceptance with God, through the death of his Son, as to brighten the way to immediate happiness.

Dry up your tears, my beloved ; nor suffer this letter to give you much inquietude.—Consider the facts at present, but as in theory ; but the sentiments such as will apply, when the great change shall come.—I know, that humanity must, and will be indulged, in its keenest griefs ; but there is no advantage in too deeply anticipating our inevitable sorrows. If I did

not persuade myself, that you would conduct yourself, with becoming fortitude, and prudence, on this occasion, my own unhappiness would be greatly increased, and perhaps my disorder too; but I have so much confidence in your discretion, as to unbosom my inmost soul.—You must not expect to hear from me 'till spring.—Adieu, my dearest, dearest friend! and while I devote our souls to the care and forgiveness of heaven, I bid you a long, long, long farewell.

CHARLOTTE.

† It is to be observed, that this *letter* was written, previous to the father of Lady Charlotte, having succeeded in his machinations to procure a *final separation* between her and her husband. —See *conclusion*.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Glory is like a circle in the water ;
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
Till by broad spreading it disperse to nought.
Shakspear.

Agreeable to our promise, we return again, to the grand subject, of these memoirs. Perhaps, the history of the world, does not furnish such an example of the extraordinary vicissitudes of fortune, in any one individual, as is given to us, in the rise and fall of NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE :

born a mere private Gentleman, the son of a Corsican lawyer, he arrived by his own irresistible genius, and perseverance, to the pinnacle of power in his day ; and aimed at a rank never before possessed by any human being—no less than, that of *dictator to the whole civilized world!* His name, as he said himself, " reverberated from the *Kremlin of Moscow* to the *Retiro of Madrid!!*"—and even Tartary, and China, felt his power, in their political relations ; though so remote from any of those hostile exhibitions, which awed or paralysed, the Empires of the North, the South, and even the West of Europe! But in the very hour of triumph, that POWER, which regulates the boundaries of the earth, and sets at nought the calculations of human ingenuity, hurled the Emperor Napoleon from that summit, on which his ambition and towering talent had placed him ; that the height from which he fell, might effect its proportionate degree of humiliation !

The lesson was a moral one—he paused, and reasoned on it, drawing new, and different conclusions from what he thought, better digested

plans. Those he carried into execution—and a second time soared in imagination to the full height of his aspiring fancy!

"Vaulting ambition overleaps itself."

The circumstances are fresh in the recollection of our readers,— he attempted to bind a demoralized people by a moral obligation! As well might a rope of sand have fettered the Israelite! The oath of the "*Champ de Mai*" was claimed, and given—but what are the resolves of human beings, when Providence designs to counteract them? An impetuosity consistent with his peculiar character, impelled him forward to his fate. Every thing conspired as he thought, to ensure success; but again in the very midst of triumphant exultation, when he would seem to have required some one to remind him "he was a man!" he sunk—never again to rise!—Such reader, has been the fate of a man designating himself "*the child of destiny!*" and indeed, so he was in the true and prophetic sense of the word: for he was the means of fulfilling the righteous will of Heaven, in chastising the peccant nations of

the earth ; and the sacred word which was addressed to the Egyptian ruler of old, might again be applied to the modern autocrat, "*for this very end have I raised thee up !*"

He has nobly performed the part assigned him on the world's theatre ! His body has been consigned by his enemies, (enemies who war with the tenant of the tomb !) to an inglorious grave. But his name and acts, are indeed, the best and meetest monument, for the regenerator of debased nations, the scourge of heaven, and benefactor of mankind.*

* "I am Osiris, King of Kings! if any one is desirous of knowing HOW GREAT I AM, let him look at my works !" is the epitaph on the monument of an Egyptian potentate, and if we make allowance for the eastern phrase, it is just and reasonable. Such an appeal speaks more for the merit of the departed, than the most sycophantic inscription, that ever was carved on a grave stone ! This is the test Napoleon may refer to with confidence that his spirit would be gratified if,

"In our ashes glowed their wonted fires."

CHAPTER XXIX.

Sleep soldier! sleep! thy warfare o'er,
Not thine own bugle's loudest strain
Shall ever break thy slumbers more,
With summons to the battle plain;
A trumpet-note more loud and deep,
Shall rouse thee from that leaden sleep!

T. K. Hervey.

Now, at the conclusion of our task, we shall with the reader's permission, offer a few general observations, on the life and character of a man, who has recently filled so large a space in human affairs, engrossed so much of the atten-

tion of mankind, and whose mysterious and eventful history during the celebrated "*hundred days*" we have so feebly endeavoured to delineate. In so doing, we would desire to hold the balance even between him and his adversaries,—steer on the direct line of truth and legitimate inference,

> "Nothing extenuate,
> "Nor set down ought in malice."

Whatever his faults or his crimes may have been—whatever tumult he may have caused in the world, or trouble he may have given his fellow-men, collectively or individually, must henceforward be only spoken of. They cannot be avenged on him now: NO WAR WITH THE DEAD! He is gone to the

> "Bourne whence no traveller returns."

Indeed, it is impossible he can soon return. There is more than ordinary security for his safe and lasting custody: for we are told, that he lies more than a score of feet deep under the earth of St. Helena; and that Sir Hudson and

his *aids*, have piled the same height and depth of grouted stone and mortar, on that lifeless frame which was once the terror of Empires! whose name re-echoed as he said himself, from the Kremlin to the Retiro!

"How are the mighty fallen!!"

That great crimes and excesses marked the career of Napoleon is not doubted: this was inevitable; and ever has been and will be inseparable from a character and circumstances like his; and did not more belong to him than to any other placed in similar situations. That he also possessed paramount virtues of the most splendid and amiable kind cannot be disputed: for had he not, he could not so long and so gloriously have governed the second empire in the world, and control and terrify the great powers of Europe, nor fascinate and engross the love and admiration of the French people to a degree amounting to devotion, and never enjoyed by the whole aggregate of his predecessors, on the throne of France!!

This would never have been the case, were

Napoleon a Sovereign more to be dreaded, than loved by his subjects. But now he is no longer terrible, candour and truth will supersede anger and jealousy; his survivors will speak of him as he deserves; fairly balance his merits, with his demerits, and then perhaps, perceive that Napoleon was not so black as he was painted; nor at the worst more reprehensible than his opponents: for such is the nature of the human heart, that justice is always administered with greater impartiality to the dead than to the living.

It is notorious to experience, and reflection, that fierce and unsparing war will commit many enormities, that the cooler man would never sanction, and many more which the most powerful and humane cannot prevent. That inhumanity was a feature of Napoleon's character cannot be maintained: the charge was once seriously made, but soon abandoned as groundless and untrue!

The great Socrates says, that to constitute a perfect General, the individual should possess all the splendid and kindly virtues, with those

qualities which may seem their contraries: that he should be both humane, and capable of cruelty; severe and indulgent, prodigal and parsimonious; and so on through the whole series of opposites, — in order that he should not hesitate to exercise either side of his character when expedient or necessary; but not otherwise. We never heard of one who surpassed Napoleon on the fair side of the philosopher's good definition, while the pages of history gives the names of numbers who far surpassed him in the black and gloomy. He was often known in the midst of conquest and glory, to sue for peace, and to deprecate the continued effusion of human blood, but in vain! cruelty "*should be made of sterner stuff!*" Calumny is a weapon that never is, and never ought to be used by brave men; it is impotent and despicable; and the strongest evidence of a base and pusillanimous spirit: however exquisitely tempered or poisoned, it drops harmless, on the intended victim; for the excess of its malignity generally deadens its power. The public candour even of Napoleon's enemies, has long since

stamped the fiat of censure and disbelief on the *Jaffa* fabrication!

Many have spoken ill of him, many well, some in partiality, but none adequately. No one has ever got the meed of his proper merits or demerits, in this world. It fared far worse with Napoleon; his merits were depreciated and detracted from, or passed in silence; and demerits not his own, nor any body else's were conjured up, and heaped upon him! and crimes and acts he never thought of imputed to him! Of those who have essayed to transmit his name and character to posterity, LORD BYRON stands first; Lord Byron—no less a Poet than a hero! who laid down his precious life on the altar of liberty, humanity and GREECE! May his example be imitated, and his glory never die! Whatever should come from so great and so celebrated a man respecting the renowned Napoleon, deserves particular notice. He speaks thus—

> Oh, more or less than man—in high or low,
> Battling with nations, flying from the field;

Now making monarch's necks thy footstool ; now
More than thy meanest soldier taught to yield ;
An empire thou couldst crush, command, rebuild,
But govern not thy petti'st passion, nor,
However deeply in men's spirits skilled,
Look through thine own, nor curb the lust of war,
Nor learn that tempted Fate will leave the loftiest star.

Yet well thy soul hath brook'd the turning tide
With that untaught, innate philosophy,
Which, be it wisdom, coldness, or deep pride,
Is gall and wormwood to an enemy.
When the whole host of hatred stood hard by,
To watch and mock thee shrinking, thou hast smiled
With a sedate, and all-enduring eye ;—
When Fortune fled her spoil'd and favourite child,
He stood unbowed beneath the ills upon him pil'd.

Childe Harold. Canto III. Vol. II.

So spoke the noble bard ; and we wish we could connect this description with the eulogy so justly due to the parts of his Lordship's character to which we have adverted. His short sketch is

more a distortion, than a delineation; more a fantastic caricature, than a portrait of the great original. His Lordship's antithesis in the first stanza, is not fairly balanced; the parts are so directly opposite, that *both cannot be true:* and it is well that the wisdom and justice of the second stanza, interpose to correct the RHETORICAL ABERRATIONS of the former. Napoleon was not that trifle in the hands of Fortune which his Lordship would represent him, tossed alternately and without intermission from pinnacle to base. He soared higher on the scale of humanity, than any individual that ever went before him. Like an eagle shot in the clouds, he precipitated: and his lofty elevation made the fall more rapid and more fatal. Though Napoleon soared thus high, he never sunk so low as the Noble Lord so poetically, and so unjustly records. There ever was, (and he maintained it to the last,) a splendor and magnificence about him in every thing, he said, and did, that made even his errors and excesses pleasing. Under his genial sway, France rose to a magnitude and glory, unknown in the

history of nations. The arts of peace and war were equally cherished, and both flourished under his paternal care. He made more kings, princes, warriors, and statesmen, than any century of individuals who ever lived upon the earth ! To his last moments he was the "*magnus timor catrobinus*," that is tyranny and corruption trembled at his mighty name, and could not think themselves safe, till his cold remains were sunk some scores of feet deep and covered with some scores of tons of the rock of St. Helena !

He regenerated the human race, and shed through their hearts those seeds of liberty and independence, which man is so delighted to see in such prosperous verdure and vegetation all over the world, and which we pray Providence to bring to full maturity ! All this cannot be denied ; and surely the meed of credit and acknowledgement, cannot be honestly withholden. But there is in human nature a certain principle of meanness and malignity, very humiliating to its character. It is more or less common to all ; and therefore, no one is

ashamed of his part of it: and it differs so enormously in some, that one would not suppose the parties belonged to the same species. We reproach the unfortunate, we trample on the fallen, and dash the tide on the heads of those already sinking! So far from excusing foibles, or failures, we revile the meritorious, and tarnish the virtues of the unsuccessful, however noble, great, or amiable, while we cringe to power, and influence, be their possessors ever so worthless! For all this and more, will the spirit of Napoleon ever reproach his contemporaries. The nature of the hostility of his enemies was neither generous, nor in accordance with the spirit of enlightened and Christian times.

They employed every spiteful engine of vengeance and atrocity to cut him off. Men—arms—the combined resources of all Europe were not deemed sufficient: no! every dark, depraved corner of the human heart, was rifled and exhausted for slanders, epithets, and imputations of the most shocking kind on his life, person and character: even holy writ was

blasphemously pressed into the service of proscribing him on earth, and branding him before God and man as a demon and destroyer!!

This impiety was eagerly received, and gravely sought to be established by those mean and illiberal beings, with whom it was the game and fashion to cry "mad dog!" at the great Napoleon. It would be both ludicrous and disgusting to refer to the many conundrums in numbers, Greek letters, and Scriptural quotations, devised at the time by blasphemy, and base intellect, for the ignoble purpose of collecting universal execration on the head of a great and illustrious man. With one *morceau* however, we shall trouble the reader, as a sample of the whole. It is such a confection of malignity, blasphemy, absurdity, stupidity, pedantry and bad taste, and presents such a feature in the temper and character of those foolish fretful times, together with the wicked and impatient ingenuity then exerted to proscribe Napoleon.

"The name of Napoleon was originally the Greek Απολλύων, a destroyer, and has been only

Frenchified by putting an article to decline it, as necessary in French nouns—*un Apollyon*, might soon by corruption become *Napollyon*, or NAPOLEON! The Apollyon of the Revelations is thus described:—

"And they had a king over them, *which* is the "angel of the bottomless pit, whose name in "the Hebrew tongue is *Abaddon*, but in the "Greek tongue, hath his name Apollyon!"

Chapter ix. 11*th verse.*

Every ignoble aggression on Napoleon defeated itself, and rebounded with dreadful reaction on his assailants: the above is a notorious and flagrant instance! now *matter of history;* well known, and open to all. He was called "the Demon, Destroyer, the Instrument of God's vengeance on the *unrighteous.*" How did this act against his libellers? So stupid and impatient were they, that they did not observe that by saying this, they were canonizing Napoleon, and confessing and proclaiming his divine mission; for surely such an "INSTRUMENT" as he was called, must have no less than a *divine mission!* Thus in-

stead of humbling Napoleon, they debased themselves, and exalted HIM to the highest of elevations!

He was designated an usurper,—how does this appear? France was groaning under a loathsome and oppressive despotism: at one tremendous heave, she threw off the incubus! The despots of Europe conspired to annihilate her, for daring to manage her own concerns in her own way. She hoisted her standard! sounded the trumpet of freedom; its sweet voice roused every hamlet; and out of every cottage flew a hero, prepared for the defence of his liberty, property, altar, and fireside. It is cheering and refreshing to reflect how soon this willing and united nation, dissipated the impious conspiracy so wantonly formed against their independence and their natural rights!

Napoleon Buonaparte was at that time, a foreigner, an adventurer, and *a young man;* he was only a subaltern in the French army.—His light shone brightest in the luminous galaxy! By his consummate talents, and an unbroken series of successes and extraordinary

achievements, he so completely attracted the admiration and confidence of the French people, that they *unanimously seated him on their throne.*

English! Call you this usurpation? You are the last in the world that should do so. With respect to France, and NAPOLEON the FIRST; and England, and *William the third*; many circumstances are so close, and congruous, as to be nearly identical. England, got tired of the Stuarts: she decapitated one, cashiered the rest, and filled the throne, with the man of her choice!

France, got tired of the Bourbons: she decapitated one, cashiered the rest; and filled her throne with the man of her choice! Was ever parallel closer? any thing more nicely balanced? all the parts so exactly *fac-similar*, in line and *tint*, that it would be impossible to say, which is the original; did not time and place, decide that point, as the malienable right, and property of Englishmen!

Now, if *William III.* was legitimate, how could *Napoleon I.* be a Usurper? If the French

territory! This was an important moment! Perhaps, the most critical of his perilous, and eventful life! The die was cast! The *Rubicon passed!!* No longer room for retreat, or repentance! And it must be owned, that Napoleon was not known to be much disposed to indulge in either: however, he seemed now to be aware of his most precarious, and interesting situation. The blood suffused his pale cheek, and he raised the hat from his head in silence—for, at that instant, he could not bring his tongue to pronounce the word: "*Paris, or death!*"—But, the spirit that beamed from his eye, spoke more forcibly, than a thousand tongues! He looked down for a moment, as if he felt, like one in whose mind was passing some awful boding, some mighty change! then raising his eyes towards heaven, he exclaimed, "*There is an end of the Congress!!*"

The entire of his little force was now landed —the air rung with their huzzas, and acclamations! French horns were blowing the notes of victory! and as the rejoicing phalanx, who were in the rear, came up with the commander;

other cunning quiet little contrivances, exactly amounting to the coercion and conscription of which Napoleon is so liberally accused : and there are those who would be preposterous enough to assert, that his mode was the more manly, candid, and honourable line of proceeding!

CHAPTER XXX.

Why then a final note prolong,
Or lengthen out a closing song,
Unless to bid the gentles speed,
Who long have listed to my rede? *
To all, to each a fair good night,
And pleasing dreams and slumbers light!

Marmion.

CONCLUSION.

It may be now necessary to elucidate some points, which have been alluded to in the preceding narrative; so that they may appear to

* *Rede* used generally for tale or *discourse.*

the reader, to carry no improbability with them ; and demonstrate, that we have relied very much on facts, throughout the work. It seems first expedient to account for *Lady Charlotte's* having been found in the character of a *Page*, after her premature death.

That Lady, as we said before, having been privately married to the *reputed Dauphin*, was induced to withdraw herself from all connection with him, by her father; who was one of the most eccentric characters in Europe, yet possessing the most transcendent talents and extensive learning. He had for some reasons known only to himself and the late Duke of R ——, given up all intercourse with his friends ; and accompanied by his wife and daughter, after living retired in Florence for some years, travelled all over Europe, and the greatest part of the United States—where his wife died, as was before mentioned. He became acquainted with the *Count deMauvaise*, first at Vienna, as we said ; and explained to him the principles of the *invisible girl*, and acknowledged that he and

his daughter, had exhibited in disguise that *curious deception*, through France, England, and Ireland, &c. as much to gratify themselves, as to raise contributions on the public.

It had the desired effect, and not less than fifty thousand pounds were cleared by this enterprize. They afterwards went, as it appears, to America, whither the *Count* followed Lady Charlotte, but as her father still continued implacable, it was considered advisable that he should withdraw himself, which he did. He then went to the Court of Brazil, where he was patronized. After this and his return to France, he adopted a similar plan by the *oracle of truth ;* and succeeded as we have told the reader. Lady Charlotte on the death of her father, which happened about the year 1813, repaired to England, made herself known to her own connexions, and recovered the family estates. After this, she visited, as we said, Paris, under the protection of an English family of distinction. Here she recognized her husband, and made efforts towards a reconciliation, which he through offended dignity rejected.

This was the cause, which urged Lady Charlotte, to adopt the *disguise* we have mentioned, and recommend herself in the assumed character of a Page; that she, *eccentric as her father*, might perform a part in this extraordinary drama. To this end, she had coloured her face, neck, and hands, with a preparation of walnut shells. The remainder of the story stands explained by the recital.

ADDENDA.

ADDENDA.

Vol. I. p. 13.

Religion and morality were chased from all fashionable societies, by the too much admired writings of Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot, D'Alembert, Piron, Grimm, &c.

Extract from a periodical work of high repute:—

"Many years ago, *Voltaire* said to D'Alembert, '*encore vingt ans et Dieu aura beau jeu;*" —'twenty years more, and God will be in a pretty plight;' and he had boasted, that not a single Chris-

tian was to be found from Geneva to Berne. Infidels are not men of veracity, and their assertions, except in the confession of their own wickedness, are seldom to be believed. But it is too true, that in the last century, many of the Protestants in Switzerland, had no more real religion than the Catholics, and both infidel Protestants, and infidel Catholics, were in fact, united in opposition to the religion of Jesus Christ.

"After *Voltaire* had been banished for many years, on account of his wickedness, permission was obtained for his return to Paris. He was now in his eighty-fourth year, and it was agreed that the laws should be silent on his recal. This was all that was wished for. The day of his arrival in Paris, was a day of triumph. He was received amidst the greatest acclamations. Wherever he went, a crowd of adepts followed him, and the Academies celebrated his arrival in the *Louvre*, the palace of the kings. The theatres decreed crowns to this impious chief, and the theatrical entertainments, in honour of him, rapidly succeeded each other. In the midst of these coronations and acclamations, he exclaimed, '*you wish then to make me expire with glory.*'

"But in the midst of his triumphs, he was attacked by a violent hemorrhage, which ended in his death. *D'Alembert*, *Diderot*, and *Marmontel*, hastened to his support, in his last moments: but they were only witnesses of his, and their own ignominy. Rage, remorse, reproach, and blasphemy, accompanied and characterized the long agony of the dying atheist. The dreadful circumstances of his death will not be denied by his companions in impiety. Not one of the sophisters has ever dared to mention any sign given of resolution, or tranquillity, by this chief of infidels, during the space of the three months which elapsed, from the time when he was crowned at the theatre, to his decease.

"During his illness, he sent for a priest, and confessed to him:* but lest what he did should be deemed a recantation of his principles, the priest was not suffered to repeat his visits. *D'Alembert*, *Diderot*, and about twenty other infidels, surrounded their chief continually; but he often cursed them, and

* Vide *Voltaire's* declaration of the 2d of March, 1778, signed by himself.

exclaimed, 'retire, it is you that have brought me to my present state. Begone! I could have done without you all, but you could not exist without me; and what a wretched glory have you procured me!' He would then alternately supplicate, and blaspheme God, and cry out, 'Oh Christ, Oh Jesus Christ!' and complain that he was abandoned by God and man.

"The time was now come, when he was to appear before the tribunal of that God, whom he had blasphemed; and his physicians, struck with astonishment, declared that his end was dreadful indeed. The *Mareschal de Richelieu* was not able to bear the sight, and fled from the bed-side; and M. Tronchin declared, that the furies of Orestes could give but a faint idea of the horrors of *Voltaire*.

"Thus died this wretched man, on the 30th of May, 1778."†

† The foregoing account of the unfortunate end of *Voltaire*, is confirmed by a letter from *M. de Luc*, an eminent philosopher, and a man of the strictest veracity.

It is rather remarkable, that scarcely one of the leading infidels of the French school, died in peace, either with themselves or the world. Nor were any of them ever, during life, removed many degrees from beggary. *Rousseau, Diderot, D'Alembert, Grimm, St. Pierre, Volney, &c. &c. &c.* All sunk into what they called "*the sleep of death,*" unlamented by the world; and whatever may have been the fate of their immortal souls, the grosser particles of which their wretched bodies were composed, have long since, mingled with the clods of the valley, leaving nothing behind, but recollections of the evils which they brought upon society.

Vol. I. p. 75.

The mysterious Personage, was observed to advance, from behind one of the pillars of the colonnade, which formed the front of the *Palais Royale,* and run precipitately along the *Rue St. Honorè.*

As we had occasion in the course of this work, to notice particularly, the two piles of

building, which compose the *Palais Royale*, and the *Tuilleries*, it may be proper to give in this place, a short description of each.

The *Palais Royale*, is far superior to any thing of the kind in Europe; but at night, the brilliancy of the scene is beyond description. Imagine an immense square, of the most elegant modern architecture, in the centre of which, is a garden, enclosed by lattice-work. The building is about thirty feet in height, adorned with fluted pillars, in the composite order; and the whole is surmounted with a balustrade, and pedestals, with urns, which entirely visible above the green branches of the trees, produce a fine effect. A piazza extends all round, on a level with the garden, and in every arch, a pendant lamp forms a beautiful illumination, like a circle of twinkling stars; while the splendor of the Jewellers, and Milliners shops, &c. and the brilliant arrangement of their merchandises:—the hotels, coffee-houses, and theatres, which line the beautiful

arcades of the lower galleries, likewise add much to the attractions of the place. The building is indeed, worthy to be called a *Royal Palace;* though by the profligacy of its late owner, the revolutionary Duke of Orleans—to whom it descended from his ancestors—it has been rendered a scene of vice, of which history scarcely affords a parallel. Speaking of this degenerate Duke, better known by the name of *Philip Egalitè:* a very intelligent writer observes as follows:

"That, having been driven by some desperate expedient to save himself from utter ruin, he determined to convert the residence of a prince into an immense bazaar. The beautiful arcades of the lower galleries, were divided by diminutive and ill-executed pilasters; and the garden was surrounded by a row of little shops, which were speedily let to the highest bidder. Had he stopped here, he might have been forgiven; but urged by avarice, or the desire of obtaining exhaustless resources to support his unhallowed pursuits, or to enable him to accomplish the murder

of his sovereign, he consigned other apartments of the palace to the most infamous purposes. A few of the upper galleries were appropriated to the lectures of various professors; others were let to *restaurateurs*; but more were devoted to the accommodation of the gambler and the sensualist, and became the favourite haunt of every species of vice and debauchery. The arcade, of the ground stories are occupied by innumerable shops, of small dimensions, but tastefully and elegantly fitted up. Every article of luxury, every thing which can contribute to the ornament of the person, to the gratification of the appetite, to the improvement of the intellect, or the contamination of the heart, is found here.

"The traveller should be informed, that the merchants of the *Palais Royale*, can by no means be recommended for the moderation of their charges. They pay an enormous rent for their diminutive shops, and they are compelled to reimburse themselves by the exorbitance of their prices. It likewise not unfrequently happens, that the trader of the *Palais Royale* will take half, or even less than half

of what he first demands of the stranger. One part of the gallery is known by the expressive title, '*the camp of the Tartars.*'

"Beneath are subterraneous apartments, in one of which a motley assembly is dancing to the music of some wretched performer; in a second, an equally ill-assorted group are regaling themselves with their favourite liqueurs, from the Vin de Burgundie, to simple small-beer; in a third, a number of miserable objects are crowding around the hazard or the billiard table; and if you dare to venture into the fourth, you witness the most disgusting scenes of debauchery and vice. Ascending once more to the arcades, the stranger admires the cleanly and elegant appearance of the restaurateurs, or taverns. The English epicure can form no conception of the rich and almost innumerable dishes which there invite his taste. The coffee-houses are convenient and elegant, and constantly filled.

"If the traveller now ascend the first floor, a different and unexpected scene breaks upon him. He is admitted into the very abode of gaming and

ruin. Innumerable rooms open in succession, and all of them crowded, in which every game of hazard, or of skill, is played. These are authorized by law; they are under the immediate sanction of government, and contribute largely to its support.

"Other ranges of apartments are occupied by restaurateurs; and some are appropriated to scientific pursuits. Lectures on the Belles Lettres, and on every branch of philosophy, are daily, and almost hourly delivered. Literary societies here hold their meetings, while the neighbouring apartments are occupied by the fashionable impure.

"Such is the *Palais Royale*. It is a little world. It comprises in it every character, and almost every scene that can be imagined: every thing to inform the understanding, and every thing to corrupt the heart."

Having given as full a description of this scene of pleasure and profligacy, as a female pen could dare to venture upon, we now proceed to the *Tuilleries*, agreeable to our promise.

Vol. I p. 64.

The Tuilleries.

This Palace was founded by Catherine *de Medicis*, when her former residence, the Palace *Tournelles*, was destroyed by *Charles IX.* The ground was purchased by her, and the building was in great forwardness, but the completion of the sumptuous fabric was suddenly relinquished on a superstitious idea, resulting from the study of astrology, to which she was addicted, that the name of *St. Germain* would be fatal to her, in the parish of which this edifice stood, However, the great pavillion, now comprising the centre of the Palace, was built at her expense. *Henry IV*, had this Palace much enlarged, and embelished. *Louis XIII*, afterwards added numerous improvements, to this beautiful and magnificent work.

Louis XIV, completed the Palace of the *Tuilleries* in 1664. The whole building, viewed

from the garden, presents a beautiful specimen of architecture; but the superb Ionic pillars, on the right, towards the terrace, from their exquisite proportion, particularly captivate the eye. The grand pavilion in the centre, crowned with an additional story, at once consists of the Ionic, Corinthian, and Composite orders. The attic story of the Palace, is surmounted by a balustrade. The pavilions at the extremities, are adorned by elegant stone vases, and the other ranges of the building, which terminate them, exhibit beautiful fluted columns. The centre portico is peculiarly magnificent. The columns which decorate the ground floor, are of the most exquisite workmanship. On each side of the gate, are statues of Apollo and a Faun. There are also, two recumbent statues of Justice and Prudence. Indeed the ornaments are diffuse: the niches towards the garden, present no less than twenty-two busts of Roman emperors and generals. But little unity

of design prevails, in the architecture; though considered separately, each part may be called perfect. The immense height of the roof gives an air of heaviness, which has been censured by architects, and which the relief of the colonnade cannot altogether remedy.

The grand and beautiful triumphal arch, which forms the principal entrance to the court of the *Tuilleries*, was erected by *Napoleon*, after the plan of its celebrated original at Rome, built by SEPTIMUS SEVERUS.

The gardens of the Palace are laid out in a simple, yet imposing style, and are much admired. The walks, bordered by orange-trees, form a delightful shade in summer.

As you enter the gardens of the *Tuilleries*, all the principal beauties of the place, seem to be collected together, on purpose to astonish and delight. Here, a *Mercury*, on a winged courser larger than life, seems to spring forward with a sort of *electric* rapidity. There, a *Fame*,

looking full of life and fire, gracefully seated upon a wild and unbridled steed, which impels itself forward impetuously, like a charger unaccustomed to the bit, and unregulated by art. These corresponding figures, each cut out of a block of white marble, by COYZEVOX, are on either side the entrance. Advancing a little into the garden, a variety of the most beautiful statues, distract the eye, which produces an inexpressible *réverie*. In one place, you admire the gigantic statues of river deities, that in their very form, appear to carry up to heaven a grand idea of mankind. Again, the old Tiber, produces a sort of vague and profound impression. On the opposite side is the Nile, grouped with the sphinx, crocodiles, and other reptiles. Next is the river Marne, faced by the god of the *Seine*, attended by a beautiful nymph, the emblem of the city of Paris, with a cupid astride upon a swan. Farther on, Hannibal, in full length, with the ferocious triumph of a success-

ful barbarian, seems to spurn beneath his feet, the Roman eagles and spoils. Opposite, you perceive Scipio, looking severe, yet mild, and surveying the Carthagenian general, as if history were called back, and the dead re-animated. On the right, is a beautiful copy of the four seasons, from an original antique; and a most admirable Vestal, expressing modest resignation, which appears depicted in the countenance. To the left, you perceive a group of statues, as large as life, amongst which is that inimitable morsel, by THEADON, the catastrophe of the chaste *Lucretia*, who unable to survive her dishonour, dies by her own hand, while her husband, with amazement and admiration, seizes it in vain.

The terrace of the garden, commands a view of the river *Seine;* the prospect is bounded by *Pont-neuf.* Beyond the bridge, the eye glances over the beautiful walks of the *Elysian Fields*, towards the lofty gothic towers of *Notre Dame*,

which rises eminent here, above other triumphal columns, and stupendous edifices.

Vol. I. p. 87.

The Abbey of St. Genevieve.

Having mentioned the Abbey of *St. Genevieve*, at Paris, it may perhaps, be satisfactory to the reader, to have a short account of the New Church, which bears that name; and which is the next in point of architectural grandeur, to that of NOTRE DAME.

The external appearance of St. *Genevieve's* Church, is truly august and magnificent, on account of its fine and elevated situation. It is built in the form of a *Greek cross*, but though this figure in itself, has nothing of real beauty in it, the form of the whole, is managed in such a manner, as to unite with it, from an association of ideas, a just sense of majesty, and we may say sublimity. The architecture is re-

markable for its boldness and singularity; being a mixture of several orders, combining, if we may be allowed the expression, an imposing beauty and simplicity, worthy of a great edifice, where every thing should be grand and magnificently simple. The astonishing height of the arches, supported by extreme slender pillars, seem almost magically constructed. The eastern window of painted glass, brightened by the rays of the sun, one would say, rivals the rainbow in the brilliant transparency of the colours; and the singular construction of the gallery stairs, as it were, suspended in the air; is no less remarkable for elegance of design, than delicacy of execution.

Vol. I. p. 145.

The Louvre.

As we have mentioned the *Louvre*, it may be proper to acquaint the reader, that this superb edifice attracts more the attention of the traveller, than any other public building in Paris.

The Royal Palace of the *Louvre*, is very ancient. Some have derived the name from the Gaulic word *Ouvre*, alluding to the beauty of its architecture. This magnificent building presents a perfect square. The eastern front, is indisputably a noble monument of art. It was constructed, and completed by the famous Perrault, during the *æra* of *Louis XIV.*

Indeed, every one is charmed on beholding the *colonnade of the Louvre.* There is something so gratifying to general taste in it, that one feels as if those pillars, arranged in true *perspective*, came up to the idea which we form of *perfect beauty.*

To give an adequate idea of the effect produced on the mind, on entering the apparently interminable length of the great gallery of paintings, would be impossible. This celebrated apartment is 1,400 feet long: the walls of which, since the restoration to the right owners, of the inimitable paintings it contained, are

now covered with a noble collection of pictures from the *Luxembourg*.

The *Louvre*, might well have been considered the temple of taste, and the wonder of the world, when enriched with the *chef-d'œuvres* of Greece and of Rome. It has felt, however, the hand of retribution, as these celebrated works of art, have been given up to the original possessors: nevertheless, this museum is by no means despoiled of attraction; on the contrary, it is still interesting and valuable. The sculpture in the lower gallery, yet presents some of the noblest performances of the art.

Vol. I. p. 152.

An evening walk in the Luxembourg.

Having alluded to this Palace, it may not be amiss to take some more particular notice of the building and gardens.

The Palace of the ***Luxembourg***, is perhaps, one of the most superb buildings in France. It

may be considered as a masterpiece of the *ensemble magnifique*. The architecture is of a bold and masculine character; and is distinguished for the symmetry and beauty of its proportions. Yet, from some defect in taste, or design; in one point of view, the appearance of the whole is not equally beautiful: and although we do not presume to censure so fine an edifice, we are of opinion, that an incongruous mixture of the Grecian or Roman architecture, with the Gothic, (of which it is composed) can seldom produce any thing equal, to the majesty and beauty of one alone. Nevertheless, this style, no doubt, has its proper merit. Too much praise cannot be lavished on the elegant pavilion which elevates itself from the centre, surmounted by a peculiarly light dome of the Doric and Ionic orders, decorated by large figures, holding wreaths of flowers. The fine paintings which once adorned this Palace, are now to be seen among the principal works of

art, at the *Louvre*. The garden of the *Luxembourg*, is one of the most beautiful promenades in Paris. It is luxuriantly ornamented with orange-trees, vases, and statues. An extensive sheet of water spreads itself in front of the grand edifice. There is also, a fountain, in the form of a grotto, worthy of attention.

Vol. I. p. 143.

The Palais de Bourbon.

This Palace was built by the *Duchesse de Bourbon*, in 1772. It was afterwards considerably improved, and enlarged, by the Prince of *Condè*. It is delightfully situated on the banks of the *Seine*, at the foot of the bridge of *Louis XVI*, and opposite to the square of *Louis XV*. and commands a pleasing view of the *Tuilleries*, and the Elysian Fields.

It was intended to be a Country-house, more than a Palace; and the character of the edifice, on the river side, accords with this destination.

Its principal entrance towards the street, combines simplicity with grandeur. It consists of one noble portico, with a colonnade of the Corinthian order on each side. The front towards the bridge, consists of twelve Corinthian columns, surmounted by a well proportioned pediment. It would have been improved, had its pillars been fluted, and more massive, and had the stone of which it is constructed been of a softer white.

A terrace, more than 300 feet in length, overlooks the *Quai d' Orsai*, and the view from it is one of the most beautiful and varied, that Paris affords.

Vol. II. p. 4.

His appeal on this occasion, will go down on the tide of time to the latest posterity.

It was at first the intention of the author, to have placed the appeal of Napoleon Buonaparte in the Addenda, along with the other original

documents, which she considered necessary to append to the volumes. However, on mature consideration, conceiving it to be a document of more than ordinary interest, and importance, she determined on introducing it into the body of the work, where it will now be found, at pages 170—171. It is a document which will doubtless, survive as long as the name of Napoleon exists; and it is more than probable, will be made the text for many a grave and learned comment of historians, in after ages, when the question will be freely and impartially discussed, as to whether Great Britain should have treated as she did, a fallen enemy, casting himself on her clemency, and imploring her protection.

Vol. II. p. 143.

For further particulars, we refer the reader to the Addenda.

PARTICULARS, CONNECTED WITH THE LAST DAYS, AND DEATH OF NAPOLEON.

"Lie there thou shadow of an Emperor,
The place thou pressest on thy mother earth
Is all thy empire now."....

" After a lingering illness, Buonaparte's existence

terminated at about six o'clock in the evening, on Saturday, the 5th of May, 1821.—He died, it was reported, of a cancer in the stomach; the same disease which killed his father. The body was opened by his own surgeon, agreeable to his wish, in order that his son might be informed of the nature of his disease. It is said, that at first, his illness did not exhibit any very dangerous symptoms; but he himself seemed conscious, that it would prove fatal, to him; and during the last fortnight, it was evident to all the medical attendants, that he could not recover. He retained his senses to the last day, and died without pain.

"He left a will, with other documents, to be transmitted to this country; and gave directions about his affairs and papers, till five or six hours before his death."

The above is an extract from the despatches, dated St. Helena, May 7th, 1821, which were brought by Captain Crokat, of the 20th regiment.

As every thing connected with the fate of

this extraordinary man, must be of extreme interest, we subjoin the following extract, from a private letter, dated St. Helena, May, 15th, 1821 :—

"Buonaparte was buried on the 9th in Sane Valley, a spot selected by himself, with the full military honours paid to a General of the first rank. His coffin was carried by grenadiers. Count Montholon, and General Bertrand, were pall bearers, Madame Bertrand, with her family following. Next came Lady Lowe, and her daughters in deep mourning; then the junior officers of the navy; the staff of the army; last, Sir Hudson Lowe, and the admiral, brought up the rear. The 66th, and 20th regiments, the artillery, volunteers, and marines, in all full 3,000 men, were stationed on the surrounding hills, about half-way up; and when the body was lowered into the grave, three rounds of eleven guns were fired by the artillery. His grave was about fourteen feet deep, very wide at the top, but the lower part chambered to receive the coffin. One large stone covered the whole of the chamber; the remaining space was filled up with

solid masonry, clamped with iron. The spot had been previously consecrated by his priest. The body of Buonaparte is enclosed in three coffins of mahogany, lead, and oak. His heart, which Bertrand and Montholon earnestly desired to take with them to Europe, was restored to the coffin, but it remains in a silver cup of spirits. His stomach, his surgeon was anxious to preserve, but that is also preserved, and is in another silver cup.

"As all particulars, relating to so great a man, cannot but be interesting, I should tell you, that after having attended his funeral, I paid a visit to his residence. I was shewn his wardrobe, by Marchand, his valet, and a more shabby set I never beheld. Old coats, hats, and pantaloons, that a midshipman on shore would hardly condescend to wear. But Marchand said, it was quite an undertaking to make him put on any thing new; and then, after wearing it an hour, he would throw it off, and put on the old again.

"The last words Buonaparte uttered, were '*tête armée.*' What their connexion was, in his mind, cannot be ascertained; but they were distinctly

heard about five o'clock, on the morning of the day he died."

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

"Napoleon had been unwell a considerable time, and was confined to his bed about forty days. On Tuesday, the 2d of May, was the first time we thought his case to be dangerous. Wednesday, the 3d, he got worse. Thursday, his life was despaired of. Friday, he was somewhat better, having taken a little refreshment. Saturday, at five in the morning, no hopes were entertained of his recovery. During the day, signals from Longwood, were made every two hours, as follow:—'continues the same,' 'no alteration,' &c. until five o'clock, when the signal was, 'his extremities are cold, and scarcely any pulse.' In consequence of which, the admiral, the Marquis de Monchenu, (French commissioner) and his aid-de-camp, repaired immediately to Longwood House, to witness, it is presumed, his approach-

ing fate, which terminated precisely at ten minutes past six o'clock the same evening.

"Napoleon lay in state on the 6th, and 7th, instant, attired in his plain uniform, with a star on his side, and a silver cross on his breast, on a small brass tent bedstead, which he had in the most of his campaigns. Under him was his cloak of blue cloth, embroidered with silver, that he wore at the battle of Marengo, which served after for the pall at his funeral. The room where the corpse lay was small, and covered with black cloth. At the head of the corpse was the altar. His priest stood at the foot of his couch, weeping, in deep mourning: at the head stood General Bertrand, and Count Montholon, similarly employed; but what particularly claimed our sympathy was, the appearance of Madame Bertrand, who was in an adjoining room, weeping bitterly, and whose converse discovered the strength of her attachment, and her deep regret for the deceased.

"Napoleon is buried in a very romantic spot, situated in a valley, near a place called Hut's Gate.

"I here relate the cause of his choice. When he first arrived, Marshal Bertrand resided at Hut's Gate, until a house was built for him near the ex-emperor's, who frequently visited the general's family, and he (Buonaparte) would very often stroll down to a spring of excellent water, (considered the best water on the island) and order a glass to be brought, that he might drink. Madame and Marshal Bertrand, were always with him, and he several times said to them, 'if it pleases God that I should die on this rock, have me buried on this spot, which he pointed out near the spring, below some willow trees."

Buonaparte was born on the 15th of August, 1769, at Ajaccio, in the island of Corsica. He was the eldest son of Carlo Buonaparte, a lawyer of Italian extraction, by his wife Letitia Ransolini. General Paoli was his god-father, and General Marbœuf, his early patron.

THE END.

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